

# JOHN BULL

Vol. II. No. 39.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2nd, 1907.

ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]



*The world is a bundle of hay;  
Mankind are the asses who pull;  
Each tugs it a different way,  
And the greatest of all is John Bull*  
—BYRON.

Edited by  
**HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.**

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Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. II. No. 39.

Saturday, March 2nd, 1907.

One Penny.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Office of JOHN BULL have now been removed to 4, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON, where, in future, ALL COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed, except in regard to advertisements (see notice below).

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, unless otherwise signed, is editorial.

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## LIBERALS AND FADDISTS.

In another column we refer to the hypocritical character of a notice now upon the orders of the House of Commons in favour of Sunday closing of public-houses. It is bad enough that a member, having won an early

place in the ballot, should abuse the time of the House by such childish, namby-pamby nonsense, in the shape of an abstract resolution, when we all know that before long it is the intention of the Government to introduce a Licensing Reform Bill. But when Sunday Closing is urged on the ground that it is for the benefit of the employes of the trade, and in the interests of "fair trading," the humbug of the thing becomes manifest. What does the rabid, ranting, tub-thumping teetotal fanatic care about the trade employe or the six-day licensee? No, what he is concerned with is to make the English Sunday, already the dreariest, dullest, most insincere and depressing of all days, even more melancholy than it is. He is thinking of the empty church and chapel. He objects to the working man, after a week's round of dreary, monotonous toil, having the chance of such poor conviviality as his wretched lot allows him. What about the West End clubs and Sunday labour there—and unfairness to traders? Oh, ye Scribes and Pharisees! What said Solomon? And David? And Paul? What was the first miracle of Christ? What says the Catholic Bible? What says Father Vaughan? We will quote him, because the authority is a more recent one, and the author is still alive to justify it: "The man who says that drunkenness is the cause of poverty is a blithering idiot." What says Keir Hardie? "I deny that drunkenness is the cause of unemployment." As regards the other authorities, they are well known to everyone, except the professional temperance reformer. The man who is of "heavy heart" should "drink and forget his poverty." People should "eat their bread with joy and drink their wine with a merry heart." Waste cities were to be converted into habitable places, where the Lord's people should "plant vineyards and drink the wine thereof." We are to "drink no longer water, but take a little wine for our stomach's sake." What about the Bible being "the rule of faith and conduct"? We remember that last session, in one of the Sunday Closing Bills it was provided that the "bonâ-fide traveller" should have to show that he had walked seven miles before he could be served with liquid refreshment, and only then provided he also "ordered a meal." Where has Sunday Closing done any real good? It is discredited wherever it has been tried. An ounce of fact is worth any number of pounds of theory.

We are sick and tired of these milk and water cranks. They are the curse of the Liberal Party. They will bring it to ruin. They would undermine every sense of self reliance and manhood. They would make England a nation of children. They would kill everything which makes life worth living. "John Bull" has no use for them. He is all for Temperance—in all things, but he agrees with the great Bishop that of the two, better a free England than a sober one. Sobriety, however, will come—it is coming—as the result of social evolution. Human nature cannot be changed by Legislatures. Repressive edicts, in the matter of either hours or houses, are futile for good. Gladstone and Salisbury have both declared them to be impostures—and, in face of all the evidence, they who still advocate them are impostors.

## THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

We do not think we can congratulate the *Daily Chronicle* upon its "wonderful achievement" in publishing a very bad snap-shot of poor Mr. Chamberlain. It were kinder not to have done it. We could, months ago, have printed a much more startling picture, but we contented ourselves by telling, as no other journal had done, the simple truth. Mr. Chamberlain has had two "strokes," and his political career is ended. But so long as the family prefer to conceal the truth, it is not for others to say more—except that the public must be prepared for an early shock.

To those of our readers desirous of keeping, in the best sense of the phrase, an open mind upon current questions, we recommend a system we have ourselves adopted for many years past in reference to newspaper literature. Always take in at least two papers, and see that they are on opposite sides. Thus, in this way, we have gathered that the recent debate on Colonial preference was "a fiscal fizzle" and "a dreary failure," that Mr. Balfour was "weak and wobbling," and that his followers were "sullen and depressed." We have also at the same time ascertained that the Government has given "a serious setback to our Colonies," that Cobdenism has been "finally exploded," and that Mr. Balfour made "a brilliant and dazzling onslaught." Again, in regard to the South Aberdeen election, we have learned that the Government majority has "almost disappeared," that there has been "a remarkable revulsion of feeling," and that "a striking blow has been sustained by the Ministry." Against this we read that, "notwithstanding the attraction of Mr. Bryce's personality and a split in the local ranks, the normal majority has been practically sustained"; that "even the intervention of a third candidate has not been sufficient to wrest the seat from the Liberals," and that there has been "another Liberal victory." It will thus be seen that, with these conflicting stimulants and antidotes, we are able to maintain a fairly steady political equilibrium.

Fancy the Archbishop of Canterbury being a member of the Board of Trade! We should much like to hear his Grace's views upon the incidence of import and export duties, Excise and Customs, and a variety of other matters of the kind. What has the Church to do with such matters? Then, look at the lawyers—how they permeate the whole public service. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is a barrister; the President of the Board of Trade is a solicitor; the War Secretary is a barrister; so is the Irish Secretary and the Education Minister. Isn't it about time that "John Bull" appointed a few business men to attend to his affairs?

Speaking of the Archbishop of Canterbury, we observe that his Grace takes exception to the historic platitude of Mr. Birrell that the Bishops have always been against social and humanitarian reform. The Archbishop must look up the records. Who opposed the abolition of hanging for petty theft? The Bishops. Who opposed the franchise for the people? The Bishops. And the emancipation of the Jews and the Catholics and the Nonconformists? The Bishops. And who supported, or connived at, the South African war, and justified Chinese labour compounds as a "regrettable necessity"? The—Archbishop of Canterbury. What is the use, in face of these damning and damnable facts, of talking frivol and drive about the Shop Hours Act, the Midwives Bill, and the Youthful Offenders Act? An occasional appearance on the right side, when the cost to the Church has been nothing, won't count. Apart from all principles of good government, the presence of

the Bishops in the House of Lords stands for all time condemned, discredited, and unjustified by their own record. They constitute a gross constitutional enigma.

John Burns does not intend to convene a meeting of the Local Government Board if he "can possibly avoid it." Considering that most of the members are colleagues in the Ministry, this is a pretty plain intimation that he is not, so far, impressed with their superlative wisdom. John evidently thinks that, with the aid of Mac, he can get along very well—for the present.

The re-shuffling of the cards in the office of the *Times* discloses the fact that Sir Edward Tennant, Liberal member for Salisbury, will be added to the board of that threepenny treatise. Next to Mr. Arthur Walter, Sir Edward is said to have the largest financial stake in the concern, and when the money of a Liberal has been left by a thoughtful father in a Tory concern, we can see no reason why he should not look after it. Whether he will have any power to influence the old "Thunderer" remains to be seen. The *Times* is all things to all men; and it is amazing that even Liberal statesmen, when they have anything to say in print, rush to its columns instead of supporting their own party organs.

A remarkable instance of faith-healing is reported from Acton. A lady with a spot on her face consulted a physician as to whether he could remove it. He said he could; that sort of thing was exactly in his line; and forthwith he dipped his finger in a tumbler of water and tapped her face. Then the lady went away, and the spot went also. Whether, if she had gone to him with a broken leg, or a cough, or a furred tongue, a pain in the back and loins, or indigestion, a difficulty in breathing, or decayed tooth, or spots before the eyes, or dizziness in the brain, or gout in the large toe, or chapped hands, or chilblains, or falling hair, he would have been equally successful with the tumbler of *aqua pura* is in doubt, but she might like to try him if she has any troubles of this sort. He seems worthy of encouragement. Or was the spot, after all, only a bit of mud, or ink—like that spot of sacred blood of one of the blessed saints, which faithful pilgrims worshipped for ages on the cathedral floor—till one day an inquisitive scientist discovered that it was ancient bird lime?

From Glasgow comes the report that Mr. Peter Donaldson, a well-known yachtsman of that tremendous city, is willing to challenge for the America Cup next year if Sir Thomas Lipton decides that he has had enough for his money. As a matter of fact, we believe the owner of many Shamrocks will make a race if he can find a man to build him a yacht which will move when there is wind and does not want towing when there isn't. The New Yorkers, with that discernment which does credit to their patriotic ardour, have hitherto made the rules to suit themselves, and the whole question of a race seems now to depend, so far as Sir Thomas Lipton is concerned, on whether they will make rules which give a British boat a chance of winning. Americans are the finest winners we know; but there are better losers. The cup will never be won by England under present conditions.

Sooner or later it is understood that the police will be on the track of the Wertheimer burglar, even if rather later than sooner. They have already discovered the house where the burglar did the deed, the bells which rang when he had gone, the frames from which the pictures were cut, the cases where the rest of the snuff-boxes were left, the policeman who was not there at the time, and, last, but not least, the table knife which was left on the floor. Moreover, they have offered £1,000 reward, have advertised for the man wanted, and published a full-sized fac-simile (obverse and reverse) of the table knife aforesaid. Now we beg to ask, in

the historic words of Sheridan when Burke threw down the knife in the House of Commons, "The honourable gentleman has brought us the knife, but where is the fork?"

When "jesting Pilate" asked the historic question, "What is truth?" it was no doubt with his tongue in his cheek and a laugh up his sleeve. Dean Welldon has been complaining in a sermon of life's little white lies, holding that they are quite unnecessary and ought to give place to truth. Unfortunately, there is really no such thing as truth. Nobody has ever discovered it, nobody ever speaks it, and nobody really wants to hear it. Truth is widely thought to be a very beautiful thing, but in fact it is a very ugly thing. The social and mental world is built up on lies. Everybody realises it. Everybody bases his conduct and regulates his actions by it. The lie is the central axis of the known world. We all lie to ourselves, just as we all lie to each other. There are lies in the pulpit, lies in the Senate and the mart, lies in the drawing-room and in the kitchen. Wherever you look you find a man, or a woman, or a thing that lies.

Dean Welldon really ought to know that nobody could go through the world telling the truth, even as he thought he knew it, without being brutal. One says to a man, "I am pleased to see you," all the while wishing that his visitor were at the bottom of the deep blue sea. To be morally right, he should say to that man, "Sir, go away and be d—d to you." Somebody has defined a gentleman as a man who says the nastiest things in the nicest way, and, indeed, the recognised convention of social life is that we shall wrap our lies in silver paper. There are white lies, black lies, and statistics. There are terminological inexactitudes, philological glosses, evasive unverisimilitudes, cock-and-bull stories, flim-flam leading articles, and official statements; and there would be a terrible row in the world if in their place was substituted the downright, upright truth about all things and all men. For our part, we have no yearning to be in that row. A peaceful life for us—when we can get it.

Three cheers for the *Labour Leader*. It pays us the compliment of admitting that it reads every page of JOHN BULL, for it says that it is "seething in almost every page with bar-parlour impertinences concerning the public men of our time." Up to the present, our reading of the *Labour Leader* has been practically confined to its advertisements, where, as we recently pointed out, some precious gems are to be found—including an offer to literally give Socialist lectures away with a pound of tea, and so on. But now that our beloved contemporary has given us, in such well-chosen words, the exact recommendation likely to appeal to its readers, we shall take it in regularly—and keep it hanging up on the wall of the smallest room in our house.

Tough and breezy is the Rev. G. D. Nicholas, vicar of Clewer St. Stephen, near Windsor. Preaching on Thrift the other Sunday, this startling parson revealed that on principle he never leaves anything on his plate. "I was sitting next a lady at dinner," he said, "and she was wasting her bread, so I said to her, 'If you will allow me, I will finish it for you,' and I did." It seems also that when Parson Nicholas is in London, and hungry, if he has silver and a ha'penny in his pocket, he looks out for a shop where he can buy a bun, so as not to change the silver. On the other side of the account, he says it never troubles his conscience that he does not give to beggars, because he always gives his tithe as soon as his income comes in. Taking him all in all, therefore, Mr. Nicholas may be submitted as an example and a precept to the Bench of Bishops, who in general preach to the poor and die among the rich.

The Police Commission has considered its last case, and without anticipating what its report will be, it may be said that the strange case of Madame D'Angely has fizzled out with the trump cards in the hands of Mr. Herbert Gladstone and the police. Madame D'Angely and her husband have funked the ordeal of cross-examination before the Commission, and the only story that has been told, that of the woman who lodged them in Paris, has certainly not presented them in the garb of innocence. It may be taken for granted, therefore, that Madame will have to wait for that Gladstonian apology, and that she will not make a fortune out of the Treasury by way of compensation. It is pleasant to be able to give the police a pat on the back, and the Home Secretary evidently knew something when he said—nothing.

There is more in L'affaire Beresford than the denial official would seem to indicate. That Lord Charles Beresford did in some way indicate to Lord Tweedmouth and Sir John Fisher that he was disinclined to accept the command of the Channel Fleet under the dispositions originally mapped out, and that there has been a compromise on the points in dispute, is pretty certain. Of course, even "Charley" cannot be allowed to dictate the naval policy of the Government, and Lord Tweedmouth and Sir John Fisher have certainly taken care of that. However much or however little there is in the incident, the Opposition papers and service men in the House have tried to make capital out of it, and we are glad they have been foiled.

It is seldom indeed that Mr. Quelch, the Editor of our bright little Socialist contemporary *Justice*, allows his "leg to be pulled," as in the case of the clever journal published occasionally by "old Etonians," entitled *The Beagler Boy*. We were not in the least surprised to find the *Daily News* had fallen into the "booby trap," and we should have expected it of Mr. Bruce Glasier in the *Labour Leader*, which even takes Keir Hardie seriously—but Mr. Quelch!

It appears that the Eton boys, in mock defence of their sport, had written that it was desirable to train the youth at our public schools to repress "the promptings of compassion" in order to qualify them for the time when in after life, as generals in the field, they may "have to turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of women and children whose homes it may be necessary, for strategical purposes, to devastate"—and more fooling of the same kind—ending up with the dictum that humanitarian sentiments are not "always compatible with the higher imperial necessities." And Mr. Quelch has swallowed it all! It is as funny as that other Etonian hoax which was played upon Lord Northcliffe—and ourselves—in the long ago.

Several correspondents send us cuttings from the *Brighton Argus*, in which we read the report of a sermon preached at the Belgrave Street Congregational Church by Mr. W. Sampson, who is described as "The Cornish Man on Fire." Mr. Sampson is no convert to the "New" Theology. On the contrary, he expresses the belief that "Hell fire is a fearful reality, and the very truth of God's Word, and that eternal damnation in Hell fire is the portion of everyone not responding to God's call to salvation." Of course, no one has any right to quarrel with Mr. Sampson's belief upon this or any other subject—but when he poses as a minister of the Gospel, we venture to take exception to the following sentiment: "He hoped that a terrible visitation of pestilence, famine, and misery would fall upon the town of Brighton, and compel people to come to God. It was right that a Christian should pray for an affliction to be sent upon any relatives to compel them to listen to the claims of God's salvation, and this was the method that God owned—and honoured." If there are many maniacs of the Sampson type going about in the

"Queen of Watering Places," we are inclined to think that his prayer has already been answered. As Mr. Sampson admits that he is "on fire," we suggest that some charitable Brightonian should duck him in the sea.

Mr. St. John Brodrick barred, it is not seriously questioned by anybody anywhere that, as a party leader, Mr. Balfour has been and is a perilous failure. He has failed because of his temperament. The nimble mental gymnastics suitable for metaphysics are out of place in the game of politics, and Mr. Balfour, philosopher and pianist, has lost grip and almost lost touch of the party he is supposed to lead. There is talk of a dark horse in the field. Mr. Chamberlain, we are sincerely sorry to say, will never now reach that position which he might have had if he had cared to fight for it. He has the virtue of being loyal to his friends, and he has treated Mr. Balfour with a chivalry which all men who love a clean, straight game are bound to recognise and acknowledge. Now, the dark horse is said to be Lord Curzon, a dazzling, brilliant man with the tastes of an Emperor and the ambitions of a Dizzy. He has, however, to be in the race before he can cut Mr. Balfour out of it; and as yet he is not even entered. But what is this we hear about an impending vacancy at Croydon?

What hypocrites fanaticism makes of men! Look at the terms of the notice of motion, given by Mr. George Nicholls, M.P. for the Northern Division of Northamptonshire, for Tuesday next. This gentleman, having been fortunate enough to win an early place in the ballot, is of opinion that the House of Commons cannot be occupied better at the present time than in discussing the question of the sale of liquor on Sundays—and this notwithstanding that the Government has announced its intention of shortly introducing a measure of licensing reform. Let us, however, look at the specious and hypocritical terms of the resolution:—

**Sunday Closing.**—To call attention to the Sale of Intoxicating Liquor on Sunday; and to move: That, with a view to limit the excessive hours of work on licensed premises, to diminish drinking, to prevent unfair competition with other traders, and to secure a better observance of Sunday, this House records its opinion that licensed premises in England, as in other parts of the British Empire, should be closed on Sundays.

Now what do these teetotalers care about "the excessive hours of work on licensed premises," and from whom do they get their mandate on such a matter? And fancy their being concerned about "unfair competition with other traders"!—Would they prefer that all public-houses should be open throughout the country—and that six-day licenses should be abolished? That at any rate is the logical outcome of their contention. The sooner the Liberal party sheds these cranky excrescences, the better for the manhood and independence of the nation.

By the way, when is the sale of alcoholic liquor to be stopped within the precincts of the House? There is a precedent for this suggestion in the cases of the American Houses of Parliament. But the members have become tired of the restriction, and have just managed to smuggle a clause repealing the prohibition into an "Immigration Bill"—a measure for settling the Japanese difficulty! That's real Bully!

We were speaking, the other day, to one of the most experienced officials of the House of Commons—one who has seen much of the making and unmaking of parties, and this was his forecast of political changes during the next few years:—Translation of "C.-B." and "A. J. B." to the Lords; annihilation of the goody-goodies and the faddists; disruption of the Labourites; disappearance of the Irish Party, and re-organisation of

the two old parties, Liberals and Conservatives—with Mr. Winston Churchill as leader of the latter.

We regret that, owing to an altogether unexpected demand, we were unable to supply a large number of orders for the February number of *John Bull Over-Seas*—notwithstanding that our printing order was five-fold that of previous issues of the old series. We will, however, make adequate provision for all possible requirements for next number.

We have pleasure in announcing the following subscriptions towards the fund now being raised for the benefit of Mr. Ben. Tillett:—

|                              |     |     |    |   |
|------------------------------|-----|-----|----|---|
| The Proprietors of JOHN BULL | ... | £10 | 0  | 0 |
| Per J. H. Dalziel, M.P.      | ... | 5   | 0  | 0 |
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| A Few Readers                | ... | 1   | 0  | 0 |
| E. N. Barnard, M.P.          | ... | 0   | 10 | 6 |
| E. R. Worsley                | ... | 0   | 10 | 0 |
| Bullite                      | ... | 0   | 10 | 0 |
| Anon.                        | ... | 0   | 5  | 0 |
| "Prophet Ezekiel"            | ... | 0   | 5  | 0 |
| F. M. and friend             | ... | 0   | 5  | 0 |
| Bull's Eye                   | ... | 0   | 5  | 0 |
| Anon.                        | ... | 0   | 2  | 6 |
| X.                           | ... | 0   | 2  | 6 |
| A. S.                        | ... | 0   | 2  | 0 |
| "Another dreamer"            | ... | 0   | 0  | 6 |

## John Bull's Biscuits.

### AWARD NO. 208.

*For attacking broker's men with a kitchen chair, a chopper, and a red-hot poker, and then complaining that they "pushed themselves against her in their hurry to get out,"*

MRS. GALEAZI (of Kentish Town)  
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

### AWARD NO. 209.

*For explaining the reason for the presence of himself and his colleague as candidates for the L.C.C. in the following words: "The death-rate is diminishing, but lunacy is on the increase, and that is why we are here,"*

MR. ROWE (a "Municipal Reformer")  
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

### AWARD NO. 210.

*For issuing a "Final Edition" in the early evening and another edition an hour or two later,*

THE STAR  
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

### AWARD NO. 211.

*For publishing the following contents bill on Monday, February 18th:—*

"KAISER'S GIFT TO LONDON  
ONE HALFPENNY"  
THE DAILY CHRONICLE  
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

### AWARD NO. 212.

*For stating that "one of the most dreadful things in the Church of England is to work without salary,"*

THE REV. R. C. FILLINGHAM  
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

### AWARD NO. 213.

*For stating that she went to Holloway Prison "to remove a disgrace from Blackburn,"*

MISS ENTWISTLE  
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

## AN EPILEPTIC EPIC.

By JIM CROW.

[Our erratic contributor, Mr. James Crow, disposes of Milton's "Paradise Lost."]

"Paradise Lost." By John Milton. (London: Symons, 1667.)

Once upon a time a publisher really did make a bad bargain. He actually paid five golden sovereigns (worth more then than they are now) for an endless piece of raving rhodomontade, beside which ditch water were sparkling, bilge water exhilarating, black water fever a dream of delight. The poor fool actually published it, and must have lived to regret his temerity, for "Paradise Lost" remained lost and unread during more than twenty years. Successive Whigs, including that maundering dolt, Addison, praised it, either because the author had supported regicide, or else because he had glorified the Devil (who was, we remember, according to Dr. Johnson, the first Whig). But to this day, as Mark Pattison, the great critic, observed, "'Paradise Lost' has been more admired than read."

To admire without reading is a Platonic form of affection, and I suppose there would be fewer admirers if there were more readers. I was made to read the stuff, aye, and, more cruel still, to mark and learn the stuff when I was at school. I confess I scarcely understood a word of it then. But out of curiosity I turned it up the other day, when I was writing about the Devil, and I found that the more I understood it, the less I liked it. Lucidity is conspicuous by its absence, and what is any book without lucidity? I believe there are people who profess to admire the gibberish of Swinburne. That I can understand, for Swinburne, though he cannot be parsed, though he rants and raves and drivels and dribbles, has at least a sort of sickly melody. He can ripple about as coherently as a stream. But Milton can only creak and hawk and splutter like an epileptic inebriate.

This judgment may seem severe to conventional old women, who have only read Milton in a "Golden Treasury" or some such lumber-room of inelegant extracts, aptly named "common-place book." That the forward may not shoot out their lips at me, I must, therefore, with great reluctance and many apologies, quote a few passages from the work now under review. We take almost any sentence at random, and we shall certainly be bored, probably bewildered. Take the very first sentence of all. Apart from bad grammar and crazy spelling, we are dismayed by the length. According to a good judge, no sentence should ever, in any circumstances, contain more than twenty words. Now the first sentence of "Paradise Lost" contains no less than one hundred and twenty-three. That might do for the Kingdom of Brobdingnag, but it is rather a strain on British breaths. And what is it all about? Nothing more nor less than the very stale, very inept device of appealing to a Muse to do what the author cannot do, videlicet to sing. And not only is the poor Muse told what she is to sing about, but what mountains she has climbed, and for what purpose. And all this in one elephantine sentence of one hundred and twenty-three words.

Now, my miserable readers, you may prepare to yawn, for I am about to quote from "Paradise Lost." To give the author a faint chance of being understood, I shall not set out his ravings in lines, as though it were poetry, but in plain paragraphs as prose. That is the best test of all poetry. If you read it as prose, and then find it sounds poetical, it is probably not past redemption. Once when I edited a paper, some one sent me a poem, and I printed it as prose. He is still thirsting for my blood, they say.

Now. Ugh! We must plunge.

"Thammuz came next behind, whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd the Syrian Damsels to lament his fate in amorous ditties all a Summers day, while smooth Adonis from his native Rock ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood of Thammuz yearly wounded: the Love-tale infected Sions daughters with like heat, whose wanton passions in the sacred Porch Ezekiel saw, when by the Vision led his eye survey'd the dark Idolatries of alienated Judah."

Why are there no apostrophes? Why are some nouns gratified with capitals and others not? What is an annual wound? How could the sea be supposed to be wounded, and how does blood contrive to wound? How can heat have passions, and how did Ezekiel contrive to see them? In any case, what is it all about?

"Next came one who mourn'd in earnest, when the Captive Ark maim'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt off in his own Temple, on the grunsel edge, where he fell flat, and sham'd his Worshipers: Dagon his name, Sea Monster, upward Man and downward Fish: yet had his Temple high rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the Coast of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon, and Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds."

Here we have even adjectives with capitals. We never heard of a grunsel. We are puzzled by the word "yet," which in English would imply a contrast. In Miltonese it evidently has no meaning at all, for there is no reason why a Sea Monster's Temple should not be rear'd high in Azotus. Perhaps the word was merely put in to fill up and help to scan. But the author is evidently quite indifferent to such trifles as scansion. Take the following line: "Oft riot ascends above their loftiest towers." Unless "riot" and "towers" are to be pronounced as monosyllables, and "loftiest" is to be regarded as a dissyllable (which is absurd), we have the most terrible cacophony imaginable. I might wade through the whole twelve books and find something to condemn in nearly every line. But as I am strong, I must be merciful to my readers. Let them be thankful that I do not quote from "Paradise Regained," which is even stupider and crazier and more cimmerian.

Lest anyone should accuse me of blasphemy in criticising a classic, let me remind him that I disapprove in very good company.

Hear what the great Voltaire said of Milton:

"This barbarian, who makes a long commentary upon the first chapter of Genesis in ten books of rude verses; this coarse imitator of the Greeks; who disfigures the Creation; . . . who disguises Lucifer now as a toad, now as a pygmy; who makes him repeat the same speeches a hundred times; who makes him dispute about theology; who, seriously imitating Ariosto's comical invention of artillery, sets devils to fire off cannons in the heavens. Nor I nor any one in Italy can take any pleasure in such sorry extravagances. . . . This obscure, weird and disgusting poem" (i.e., "Paradise Lost") "was despised at the time of its birth; I treat it to-day as it was treated in its native land by contemporaries."

Goethe pronounced the subject of "Paradise Lost" to be "abominable, with a fair outside, but rotten inwardly." The illustrious Dr. Johnson showed the poem to be largely a plagiarist and its author a blackguard. Even Macaulay had to compare it to "the hieroglyphics of Egypt." And Byron wrote: "Milton is as absurd, and, in fact, blasphemous, in putting material lightnings into the hands of the Godhead, as in giving Him hands at all." And, coming down to more recent times, we find so excellent a poet as Keble deliberately excluding the writer of "Paradise Lost" from the first rank of poets.

But, after all, we need only turn over the pages of "Paradise Lost" for ourselves, and there will be no need of further witness against it.

## TO MR. KEIR HARDIE, M.P.

(With apologies.)

"Mr. Keir Hardie considers his meeting at Cambridge on Saturday was a success."—*Vide Daily Press.*

Speaker who 'midst uproar speakest

(All thy words we have to guess!)

Sure, thou art of men the meekest

If thou callest *this* success!

Oranges are hurtling round thee,

Bottles, too—a "vial" mess—

Interruptions oft have drowned thee,

Is it *really* a success?

See the over-ripe tomatoes,

Flung with sure, unerring aim!

Suffragettes! and saints! and martyrs!

Do these things applause proclaim?

Cheers, and cries of "Rot!" and "Zulu!"

Greet thy statements all the time!

Surely he must be a fool who

Calls it aught but pantomime!

Was it wise, O Labour Leader,

To instruct thy printer thus,

So that on the posters we'd a

"Hearty welcome" offered us?

Wise advice the P.C. gave thee—

"Hold no meeting in this town."

Naught but this could ever save thee

From the wearers of the gown!

If again they ask thee, neighbour,

Here to speak—take good advice—

Cambridge is no place for *labour*,

Let *one* meeting then suffice.

"UNDERGRAD."

## IN THE CITY.

## THE SALVATION ARMY ASSURANCE SOCIETY, LTD.

## THE ACCOUNTS ANALYSED.

We have received from several quarters copies of the revenue account and balance-sheet of this Society for the year ended June 30th, 1906, together with the remarks of "The Head Office Review," signed "John A. Carleton," and dated "January, 1907," upon our recent criticisms of the Society. We pass Mr. Carleton's offensive insinuations as to ourselves with the remark that if they please him they do not hurt us, and we go straight to the accounts, which show the accuracy of our forecast, as given in our issue of December 8th, 1906.

We said on that occasion that "No information is given as to the number of policies issued, and the sums assured," and this information is still withheld. We said again that the figures of the balance-sheet (1905) "are very misleading," and we repeat the statement in relation to those of 1906.

Referring first to "Mortgages on property within the United Kingdom," we said that in the 1906 balance-sheet (then unpublished) this item "stands at £130,000." The actual figures are £129,537. The security for the mortgages consist almost entirely of Salvation Army property, and the unsatisfactory character of many of these securities is demonstrated. Take, for example, the item "Investments," which stands at £95,278. Mr. Carleton admits these securities "have been taken at cost," and cannot deny there has been heavy depreciation, but "it is gratifying to know that the Investment Reserve Fund has been increased." Yes, it has been increased from £3,085 to £3,773. Does he seriously mean to say that even £3,773 represents anything like the difference between the cost of the "securities" and their present market value? It does not represent half the difference.

House property now stands at £38,469, and, Bassishaw House excepted, represents nothing but "Salvation Army barracks and the like," to quote the words we used in December, and which seem to have greatly annoyed Mr. Carleton, who appears to be under the impression that he answers us when he says that "the General has not experienced any difficulty whatever in obtaining advances upon them from outside assurance companies or building societies." We never said they were quite worthless from that point of view; what we said, and say, is they are worth nothing like the sum at which they stand in the balance-sheet.

In our previous criticism of the Society we referred to the high rate of the working expenses, 52.8 of the premium income, as against the very similar business of the Prudential which costs about 42 per cent., and of the Pearl, which costs between 44 and 45 per cent.\* Last year instead of reduction there was increase in these expenses. They rose to over 55 per cent. Mr. Carleton defends the increase on the ground that "it has been absolutely necessary to incur very considerable outlay in the development of the Provincial System." The real explanation is that given by us on December 8th, when we said that it was to be found "partly in the exceptionally liberal terms given to agents, and also to the large sums spent in what may be called banqueting and travelling. Superintendents, assistant superintendents, and provincial managers meet together once or twice a year for consultation, and they are brought up to the Farm Colony for three days in the summer and two days in the winter, all expenses being paid. Then considerable expenditure is involved in the constant moving of officials, the Salvation Army acting on the Wesleyan system in moving about their men."

Mr. Carleton thinks he has answered our criticisms upon the character of the investments of the Society by saying that when the Salvation Army Building Association—controlled by an outside board of directors—decided to wind up, "the directors experienced no difficulty in arranging the transfer of all its mortgages to one of the largest and best known assurance companies in the kingdom." That is true. But why was it that there was no difficulty in transferring the mortgages? Because the Association was "managed by an outside board of directors," because the "General" was not allowed to have anything to do with it. As we said on November 17th, the Association was the only

one "worked independently of General Booth," "the one institution connected with the Army whose management can bear close and searching investigation." When General Booth tried to interfere, and to substitute his own peculiar system, the directors, men of integrity, would have none of it, and wound up the Company. Thanks to them the members got back the money they put into it, and the strenuous attempts of General Booth to get the funds under his own control were defeated.

We have only one word more to say at present about the Salvation Army Assurance Society. We have received scores of letters from agents of other companies protesting against the way in which the Salvation agents filch, or try to filch, business from them. We content ourselves with publishing one, because it is directed by an agent of the Prudential Insurance Company straight at the head of the Insurance Department of the Army, and evoked a reply. This reply shows the view of this dirty business taken by the Salvation Army Headquarters. Our correspondent wrote as follows:—

May I ask whether your assurance officials encourage the transference by your agents of other firms' business to your own, and, further, whether there are any instructions against it issued to your assurance staff? Also, I should be glad if you would give me a little personal advice upon the matter—advice that I can plead before the bar of God at the Judgment, if He questions me on the subject. As a young and conscientious Christian, I find it hard enough to avoid "forged signatures," "unhealthy proposers," "bad lives," etc., and yet make increase. Therefore, when faced by the problem of "transferring" what can I consistently do? What little business has been transferred from me has caused me great pain, besides, under the "covering" system, financial loss. Can I then turn round upon my brother-man and rob him of his business on the plea of "competition," "the survival of the fittest," or "offers of better benefit," and still be loyal to Jesus Christ? Am I justified in the endeavour to do the best possible for my company in seeking to upset existing business of any other firm or society, or is it making the love of Jesus to me subservient to my pocket? I know what my superintendent would say to me if I asked him. But then he isn't a Christian and does not profess holiness.

Here is a plain question, inviting and requiring a plain answer. Is it permissible, to use our correspondent's own word in his covering letter to us, to "sneak" other people's business? One would have thought the answer to that question on the part of a representative of a religious organisation like the Salvation Army would be made in the two letters forming the word "No." Instead, here is the reply, written from the Salvation Army Headquarters, and signed "Arthur E. Trounce."

My Dear Comrade,

Yours to hand, which I have read and carefully considered.

The S.A. Assurance do not encourage their agents in the transference of other companies' business. They have no instructions against it, and I do not see very well how they could. Our tables are scattered broadcast, and when our advantages over other societies are seen we are frequently requested to effect transfers.

I am sorry that you should be a sufferer, and I trust nothing may occur again with any of our agents that should cause you pain.

I am confident if you do the right and act honestly in all your dealings you will not lose in the long run. With all the keen competition with which you are surrounded I am sure "honesty is still the best policy." "Seek first the kingdom, and all other things shall be added unto you."

Keep up your high standard of doing business and you will be in no way a loser. Honour God and He will honour you.

God bless you and make you a blessing to all around.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR E. TROUNCE.

The S.A. Assurance Company "do not encourage their agents" to "sneak" other agents' business, but their agents "have no instructions against it," and Mr. Trounce does "not see very well" how they could be given them. Why not? Where is the difficulty in playing fair? We tell Mr. Carleton that he and his directors are conniving at practices of the meanest kind, practices most properly discouraged by all respectable insurance companies, and which cannot be too quickly abandoned if the management of the Salvation Army Assurance Society desires to play the part, we will not say of godly, but of ordinarily honest men.

\* The Royal Liver is a prominent industrial society, doing business on lines almost identical with the Salvation Army. For the year ended December 31, 1904, its total revenue was £763,778, against which its total cost of management was £278,851; while it had funds in hand, bonds of corporations, county councils, etc. (yielding an average rate of £3 13s. 7d. per cent.) amounting to considerably over two million pounds sterling.

The Prudential (Industrial branch) for the same period had an income of 64 millions, with total expenses for commission and management expenses £2,387,000, and funds in hand 25 millions sterling.

Clerical, Medical, and General for year ended June, 1905:—Premium income, £324,521; total expenses for commission and management, £43,466; and total funds invested in highest class of securities, £4,415,907.

Friends' Provident "for year ended 20th of Eleventh Month, 1904":—Premium income, £178,231; total expenses for commission and management, £15,837; with total funds invested in highest class securities, over three millions sterling.

## THE WALL PAPER MANUFACTURERS, LIMITED.

We have received the following further letter from the well-informed correspondent who addressed us recently on the affairs of this company:—

Referring to my previous letter, re the Wallpaper Manufacturers, Limited, perhaps the directors of that wonderful institution consider it unwise to reply to the queries put, hoping by remaining quiet that the criticisms will soon be forgotten. But they have reckoned without their host, and we, who are interested, look to your paper, which has revealed

## Liverpool VICTORIA Legal FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

CHIEF OFFICE—ST. ANDREW STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Claims paid exceed..... £2,000,000

Invested Funds nearly..... £2,000,000

LIFE AND ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES AT POPULAR RATES. WORLD-WIDE POLICIES.

ARTHUR HENRI, Secretary.

so many things, to hold tight until the directors, either direct or through their secretary, come out into the open and let us hear what they have to say on the subject of your articles.

Am I right in saying that the businesses acquired by the combine were taken over on the following basis:—

An amount equal to 5 per cent. on the capital invested was added to the last year's profits, and then the total multiplied by 21, the sum resulting being paid by the combine as consideration? For instance, a firm having assets valued at, say, £40,000, 5 per cent. of which £2,000 their profit for year preceding acquisition ... .. 10,000

multiplied by ... .. £12,000  
21

which represents the price paid by the Trust for a concern having these figures.

On this basis the turnover of the combine, if equal to the total sales of the firms taken over, for the year previous to the amalgamation should enable the combine to pay an all over dividend of nearly 5 per cent. per annum. According to last year's accounts we see that interest as under has been paid:—

4 per cent. on £296,113 Debentures ... .. £39,844  
5 per cent. on £296,113 Preference Shares ... .. 49,805  
8 per cent. on £1,065,621 Ordinary shares ... .. 87,648

making a total of ... .. £177,297

whereas 4½ per cent. on the Shares and Debentures issued ... .. £198,714 thereby revealing a loss on comparative trading of £21,417. I fully appreciate that no dividends are being paid on the Deferred shares, but as these formed part of the purchase consideration, and that figure was based upon a net 5 per cent., and bearing in mind the fact that in 1899 the Trust advanced the prices of its manufactures by 20 per cent. to 30 per cent., one naturally concludes that the management, instead of being concentrated for economy, costs considerably more than when the different businesses comprising the Trust were private concerns.

What have the directors to say? Not trade fluctuation, German imports, strenuous opposition, I hope. Such replies would be useless, and we would reply to any argument they proposed to make on these lines:—

Have they made enough profit to divide what they have paid away? Have they, in the interests of the shareholders, had the worth of the undertaking fixed at its actual value? If they have, and the goodwill has been included in respect of mills closed and machines scrapped, then I would venture to assert they are in error. It is admitted that a large number of firms were taken over to limit competition, but does not the restriction of output consequent upon the closing down of mills, and the dismantling of machines, more than equal the value of the goodwill? The directors are surely not comforting themselves with the hope that the competition has been done with, as other mills have taken the place of those acquired by the Trust, and the business resulting has been such as enables the outside mills to treat with contempt any attempt on the part of the combine to interfere with their operations. Is it feasible that the Carlisle and Clegg Branch transferred from City Road, E.C., to the premises of Wilkins, Limited, of Derby, and who are running machines, are in a position to cope with the trade which accrued to the many defunct mills which are represented there? If they can, then surely 21 years' purchase was far and away too much.

Is it not a fact that the Yates Dauncey Branch is only working three days a week, and with the exception of the two branches which are printing specials, the remainder find it difficult to keep all their machines going?

Why does Cockshut stop at four o'clock every day? Are the men tired, or are the machines lacking oil?

Are the directors aware that the value given for mills now non-existent, as far as their Trust is concerned, represents nearly £500,000, and do they consider the depreciation of under 1 per cent. on the total cost sufficient to cover this and the ordinary wear and tear of their existing premises and machinery?

If the auditors take the directors' valuation, shouldn't they qualify their report? It appears from the report and accounts that they are quite satisfied with the concern as it stands. E. Guthrie and Co. are a first-class firm of accountants, and under the circumstances one feels compelled to publicly ask for their candid opinion as to the valuation of the premises, machinery, etc., etc., comprising about £3,313,779 in the balance-sheet submitted at the general meeting held on November 29, 1906. Will they also say whether they inspected the stock cost sheets, or if the stocks were valued by the various managers? If the latter course was adopted, was a test check made? And, what steps were taken to satisfy themselves that the managers' valuation per piece was fair? In the event of a series of stock sheets verified by the managers only, being submitted, shouldn't mention be made in their report of this, or have they taken what was offered? Are we to understand by their report that, in their opinion, the figure set out in the balance-sheet as representing stock, is true, and does not exceed cost? It is so easy to fix stock at selling price, allow utmost discounts, and treat balance as stock, but in the event of the season being unsuccessful in any particular "line," or "way," a mill often finds itself compelled "to job," or sell, at prices which are considerably below the list price, even when all the discounts allowable are deducted. Under such conditions the valuation becomes a farce, and shareholders like to know exactly how they stand. Perhaps the auditors will assist?

Lancashire is a brainy county, but it is difficult to understand why the painters and decorators should allow themselves to be led as "lambs to the slaughter," and as "sheep before the shearers," and not open their mouths. Surely they have not forgotten the letter written by Mr. George Line from East Finchley, under date November 5, 1904?

It is not for us to consider the action of J. Line and Sons, Limited, subsequent to this letter, but we sincerely trust there will be other painters and decorators, who really represent the wallpaper trade, who will secede from the Master Painters' and Decorators' Association if they persist in their endeavours to support the resolution passed at the conference held at Darlington recently.

Are the specials, which the combine are selling, printed on 10 oz. paper (costing 1d. per lb.) full size, viz., 12 yards? Perhaps some decorator will examine a few pieces by way of test, and let us know if there are any shorter pieces.

If the piece is only 10½ yards long, in a bundle of 120 pieces, the shortage equals 15 pieces, enough to paper two good-sized rooms, and equals an amount of 12½ per cent. on cost.

Our columns are open to the directors—and auditors—if they wish to reply.

#### THE DAIMLER COMPANY AND THEIR ORDERS.

We have received the following letter:—"In October last I ordered from the Daimler Company a motor, and upon which I paid a deposit of £300. They promised delivery by the beginning of January. Unfortunately, I did not obtain from them any contract on their part as to the delivery of the car, and the prospect of delivery now does not appear any better than it did then. A friend of mine who has just ordered a car has also paid a deposit with a promise of

delivery next April. No doubt the company are getting very many orders, and putting a low estimate of, say, 2,000 orders for cars on hand, and having obtained a deposit of £300 from each of their customers, the same as they have from me, they will be holding deposits to the amount of £600,000, and with the Bank rate at 5 per cent., it seems to me they must be making a pretty good interest out of all this money, and therefore it is not to their interest to be in too much of a hurry in delivering their cars. I leave it to you whether you think it worth while to draw attention of prospective purchasers to this. In putting the number of cars on order at 2,000, possibly I am considerably under-estimating the number."

[We shall be glad to hear from the Daimler Company what they have to say. It certainly appears to us that they must have a very large sum in hand by way of deposit, and with the present price of money this should be a highly lucrative source of income.]

#### THE JUNIOR ARMY AND NAVY STORES.

A correspondent, who is a large shareholder in these Stores, writes to us as follows:—

That Major-General Hale Wortham and Captain Burnett should be directors of an opposition firm should not be tolerated for a moment. When the Army and Navy Furnishing Company ceased to have business relations with the Junior Army and Navy Stores, surely it was their duty to retire from one or the other, however beneficial their presence might have been to both parties while working for mutual support and convenience. Neither should Captain Burnett be permitted to hold the post of wine buyer and director, and receive fees for his services in both capacities. With a competent manager, which is essential, for the wines, surely the department could dispense with Captain Burnett's services. If, however, his services are considered necessary for the welfare of this portion of the business, retain his services as a buyer, and dis- pense with them as a director. By adopting the latter suggestion the Board would be reduced by one member, and a considerable saving effected.

Considering that two floors are given up entirely to the Furnishing Department would it not be advisable for the directors to consider the desirability of confining this department to the top floor, or even abolishing it altogether, and allow the more flourishing departments to occupy the space to more advantage.

It is understood that the directors are not alone in receiving dual fees, but that the system extends to other departments. "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander" appears to be the feeling that pervades the establishment, and the sooner a general overhauling takes place the better for everybody concerned, especially the poor share- holders.

Our correspondent's criticisms and suggestions well de- serve the attention of shareholders at the coming general meeting. Having regard, however, to what happened last year, we fear nothing will be done. We have given con- siderable space to put the true state of affairs before share- holders, and if they refuse to exercise the power they possess, and insist upon further changes, they have only themselves to thank for what may follow. It is only fair to the directors to admit that after last year's criticisms they did make an effort, of a kind, to put their house in order. Unfortunately It was of a very perfunctory kind.

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—DOUBTFUL (Wandsworth).—Without intending to dis- parage, we should prefer an older institution.

SOUTH-WEST AFRICAN TERRITORIES.—C. W. D. (North Shields).—The pros- pect remains remote.

ZINC CORPORATION.—C. S. C. (Forfar).—(1) Better keep out of them. (2) Much the same may be said of Portland Cement Ordinary.

INSURANCE AGAINST ACCIDENT.—G. V. (Datchet).—Your question is too vague. What do you mean by "a few shillings"?

SPINNERS AND POND.—H. N. W. (Dorset Square).—You make very serious charges. It is true, and notorious, that the young women behind the bars give that measure, but to say that they do it with the approval of the management is a very different matter, and a charge with which, as at present advised, we cannot associate ourselves.

ANCHOR BENEFIT SOCIETY.—A. O. (Walsworth).—It depends upon the value of the guarantee. We have a letter on this subject from the manager, with which we hope to deal next week.

GREAT BOULDER PERSEVERANCE.—J. B. (Glasgow).—The "probable" reserves are estimated at 226,192 tons. The latest reports are not very en- couraging. The purchase would be very speculative.

KNILLS RIVER TIN.—W. F. (Ipswich).—There is nothing impossible in the statement, but it should be accepted at present with great reserve.

CONTINENTAL BONDS.—DOUGLAS (Holyhead).—(1) You can, of course, sell at any time at the market price for these bonds. There is no danger of their not being honoured by the Governments and others concerned. (2) As to the monthly operations in French Government bonds, we should leave them alone, and on no account have anything to do with the people whose circular you send us.

THE PREMIUM BOND.—Y. Z. (Bath).—Have nothing to do with these bonds, and throw the circular sent you into the waste-paper basket. J. R. D. (Southampton).—Our answer to Y. Z. applies equally to your question.

THE STAR LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—V. (Newcastle).—You need be under no alarm as to your policy with this company.

THREE SHARPS.—J. W. R. (Goodmayes).—They are all good companies. The Imperial Bank of Persia would give you at the present quotation something over 6 per cent., so would the London and Brazilian Bank; whilst the London and River Plate Bank would give you nearly 5 per cent., but you must remember that with regard to the second and third-named banks there is heavy liability for uncalled capital.

#### PAID TO THE PEOPLE.

2½ per cent. on Daily Current Account Balances.  
4 per cent. to 6 per cent. on Deposits.  
5 per cent. on Thrift Accounts (up to £10).  
6 per cent. Dividend on £1 Shares.

**FARROW'S BANK, Ltd. (The People's Bank),**  
23, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.,  
And at Brighton, Birmingham, Croydon & Norwich.

**THE HAMBURG LOTTERY.**—W. J. (North Wales).—Certainly not. We do not give the addresses of foreign lottery concerns.

**SOUTH METROPOLITAN GAS COMPANY.**—G. M. (Waltham).—We can only say that the company is of the highest standing, and that you cannot go wrong in buying the stock offered to you.

**SAFE INVESTMENT.**—T. M. S. (Egham).—The concern is respectably managed, but it has no long record behind it. A. D. (Birmingham).—See our answer to "T. M. S."

**TWO INSURANCE COMPANIES.**—D. C. (Blaengwynn).—If there has been amalgamation between the two companies there can no longer be any question as to choice between them.

**VARIOUS SHARES.**—AMICUS (Lewes).—(1) We do not know of anything likely to put up these shares just now. (2) Birmingham Railway Car and Wagon, Brighton Wagon, Ltd., Apollinaris Pref., Brunner Mond and Co., Crossley Bros. Ordinary, D. H. Evans Ordinary. These would give you an average of something over 6 per cent., and represent sound investments. (3) Have nothing to do with Niskirkes.

**PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.**—J. T. G. (Peckham).—We fear we could not get a purchaser upon the conditions you name, and, indeed, it would be difficult to get one at any price, having regard to the smallness of the sum paid. (2) With regard to your other question, you could not do better than take out the policy you require in the Prudential.

**NATIONAL OLD AGE PENSION TRUST.**—E. M. S. (Kilburn).—Have nothing to do with it.

**CHEROKEE GOLD FIELDS.**—F. J. T. (Bush Hill Park).—We should cut the loss. As to the name of "a low-priced mine likely to advance presently, to make up for the above bad speculation," our advice to you is to keep out of low-priced mines unless you want to add to your loss.

**MATFOLD PAPER.**—S. A. B. (Ipswich).—We know of no good reason why you should not do so.

**J. R. ROBERTS, LTD.**—D. R. (Hackney Road).—If you can get anybody to take them off your hands do so.

**UNITED KINGDOM INVESTMENT CORPORATION.**—KNOCKPOT (Manchester).—(1) The answer is in the negative. (2) Have nothing to do with Fenwomings shares or any other wild cat Yankee concern.

**THE BRITISH OAK HOUSE INSURANCE AND PURCHASE CORPORATION.**—A. B. (Mountain Ash).—We should prefer another selection.

**MILLERS' KARRI JARREN COMPANY, LTD.**—J. B. (Bury).—Your letter has been mislaid. Kindly repeat your inquiry.

**DOMESTIC SERVICE ASSURANCE.**—L. T. R. (Borough).—We have read your letter with interest. Do not be down-hearted. Peg away, and write us again in a week or two to tell us how you are getting on.

**HOUSE PROPERTY AND INVESTMENT COMPANY, LTD.**—ANXIOUS (Peckham Bye).—It is difficult to advise you. The company is respectably managed, but the return upon capital is small, and capital value is falling. If you can get anyone to take over your interest we should be inclined to advise you to do so, even though you have to reckon with some loss.

**CORPORATION STOCKS.**—CARP (West Hartlepool).—Oreydon 3½ per cent., Eastbourne 3 per cent., Harrogate 3 per cent., Nottingham 3 per cent., Stockport 3 per cent., Wigan 3 per cent. These are amongst the Corporation stocks that would give you the best return, and they are all safe.

**JAPANESE SIX PER CENT BONDS.**—EBORRACUM (Leeds).—They represent a sound investment, and you would have no difficulty in disposing of them.

**BRIGHTON COLISEUM.**—J. W. N. (Leicester).—None, we think.

**THE CONDUIT TRUST.**—QUO VADIS (Cardiff).—We have no information respecting it.

**NEW GAIETY RESTAURANT.**—N. E. (Peckham).—(1) We think not. (2) The Preference of the Weardale Steel Coal and Coke Company look rather inviting at their present price.

**NON-PROFIT WHOLE LIFE POLICY.**—M. B. L. (Norwood Junction).—(1) The Hand in Hand Insurance Company, of New Bridge Street. (2) The other portion of your letter has been dealt with on the "Letter Bag" page.

**FINANCIAL INSTITUTION.**—ANXIOUS (Llanelli).—We see no inducement that should lead to your putting money into it.

**THE KINGSDYKE (PETERBORO) BRICK COMPANY, LTD.**—A. M. (Maldstone).—We cannot recommend the investment. Speaking generally, you will do well to avoid mortgage debentures "bearing interest at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum," and we see no reason (much to the contrary) to make an exception in favour of this company. R. B. L. (Richmond).—See our answer to "A. M."

**THIRTY YEARS BONDS.**—A. L. J. (Slough).—It is not a question of misleading, but of opinion.

**PREMIUM BONDS.**—A. P. W. (Clapton).—Have nothing to do with these bonds, with "Progressive Finance," or with the people who send you the one or the other.

**MANUFACTURERS' LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.**—F. M. (Earl's Court).—The Temperance Building Society is one of repute. We have no knowledge of the other you mention.

**SALVATION ASSURANCE COMPANY.**—L. B. (Birmingham).—We have made reference to the criticisms of the S. A. Journal in another column, to which we direct your attention.

**UNITED KINGDOM TEMPERANCE INSURANCE COMPANY.**—S. T. (Leeds).—No, we cannot recommend you, as an abstainer, to a better company than this.

**PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.**—J. M. (Hammer Smith).—We have no doubt that you will be fairly treated, but be sure and read the printed matter that will be sent to you (or that you can get upon asking for it) before you decide to become a member of the Association. You will find in this matter full explanation of the conditions of membership. Unfortunately, very many join this and similar associations without acquainting themselves with these conditions, and when they have been paying in a year or two find that they are not quite what they thought them to be. The Association is honourably conducted, and is financially strong, and having said that, the rest must be left to your judgment.

**WALL PAPER MANUFACTURERS, LTD.**—DECORATOR (Downpatrick).—Our advice to you is to sell. If you hold till December you are not likely to get the price that can be got to-day.

**INSURANCE OF LIFE.**—C. N. (Broughton Astley).—We do not think you could do better, for the insurance you want, than with the Hand in Hand Insurance Company (now merged with the Commercial Union), of New Bridge Street, E.C.

**THE HIRAM MAXIM LAMP COMPANY.**—J. B. (Plymouth).—None whatever. It would be waste of time to go further.

**INSURANCE OF LIFE.**—MAJOR (Westminster).—It is a Canadian office, and quite sound. We should, however, prefer a British office, even if the terms of insurance seem a little less advantageous.

**SAFE INVESTMENT.**—J. C. (Blackfriars Road).—Better go to an institution of older standing and of larger resources.

**THE MOTOR MANUFACTURING COMPANY (1907).**—W. S. (Birmingham).—We are obliged to you for the prospectus. We agree that the shares of this relict of the Great Horseless Carriage Company do not represent a desirable investment.

**SURRENDER OF POLICY.**—WEEKLY READER (Epsom).—We think you would be foolish to surrender your policy in the Prudential for the purpose of taking up one in the Society you name, in itself, by the way, a very good Society.

**STAMMERING.**—Severest and most obstinate cases permanently cured by one who has cured himself after stammering ten years; interview on written application.—Mr. A. O. Schnelle, 119, Bedford Court Mansions, London, W.O. Pupils taken in residence.

## JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By MRS. BULL.

(Mrs. Bull will be delighted to receive suggestions and contributions from our readers.)

### PLANCHETTE AND THE BARITONE.

Apart from those who dip into the science of thought-transference, there are many superstitious but earnest-minded people who have faith in messages dealt out to them by table-rapping and the well-known little toy, Planchette. Talking of Planchette, a curious thing happened to Mr. David Bispham, the celebrated baritone, who, though not a spiritualist, preserves an open mind on spiritualistic as on other matters. Some months before his great chance came he was warned by Planchette to study the three rôles which he was afterwards called upon to play at short notice. Had he not been given the tip, he would certainly never have been ready to take up, at the eleventh hour, such parts as Beckmesser, Kurwenal, and Amonasro.

### HINTS FOR THE YOUNG SINGER.

Of all musical instruments, there is nothing like the human voice, and perhaps those people who place singing at the top of the list of arts are not wrong in their estimation of what should come first. Dr. Cummings, in his recent address at Buxton to the members of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, had some good advice to give to the young singer. Of course, he emphasised the need for acquiring a perfect mastery over the all-important art of breathing correctly—an art that one would think ought to come naturally, but that really is very little understood. The would-be singer should, it was suggested, expand his or her chest, and keep it expanded; for this attitude not only facilitates breathing and improves the appearance, but it also helps to conquer nervousness. Very often, women move the chest like the flaps of a pair of bellows—alternately rising and falling in a marked degree. This is wrong, and it is quite possible to keep the chest uplifted whether the lungs are full or only partially inflated. In voice culture, one of the errors that must needs be guarded against is that of trying to remedy false intonation by singing louder. A piece of advice given that is worth remembering by budding divas is to practise singing with a walking-stick passed under the arms at the back. This keeps the chest in the proper attitude.

### THE PARISIENNE AND HER HATS.

The Frenchwoman is an adept in the art of the toilette, and especially in the method of adjusting a hat, which under her management will assume precisely the right angle demanded by fashion. She wears her millinery with an air of smartness and *chic* that is positively matchless in its effect, and takes care that every item in her toilette is harmonious one with the other. Assuredly the hats of the period call for considerable skill—or shall I say tact?—in the matter of posing them. Some are so small, so odd in shape, that, unless buoyed up by well-fluffed-out hair or little bunches of curls, they look ridiculous on the head. A batch of Parisian millinery of the latest construction includes some diminutive pointed and round hats of thick Irish lace, cunningly built out with plumes and flat rosettes, and also very large hats smothered with tulle and feathers and bunches of grapes or full-blown roses.

### A DUCHESS'S "SURPRISE" PIE.

The old nursery rhyme of "Sing a song of sixpence," which we treat as fable, contains, notwithstanding, matter which is literally and historically true. In olden days it was the custom for a large "pye" to be placed on the table, from which, when opened, flew a covey of birds. This was quite a usual dish at the feasts held in Queen Elizabeth's day. Stranger still was the cold "pye" which enclosed a dwarf—the celebrated Geoffrey Hudson—who was served up in pastry at an entertainment given at Burleigh-on-the-Hill by the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham to Charles I. and Henrietta Maria. The dwarf was eighteen inches high, and as soon as the pastry was carved, and he was released from his strange durance, he was presented to the Queen, who was much amused at the apparition.

### "QUAKING CUSTARD."

Another odd custom at that period, which seems to have prevailed more at City banquets than at Court, was to have a huge "Quaking Custard" on the table, into which, at a private signal, the City Fool suddenly leapt over the heads of the feasters, who were, as an old account says, "much bespattered with this rich and savoury mud." That this was not an unusual custom may be gathered from the many times it is referred to by the old dramatists. In "All's Well that Ends Well," when Parolles says to Lafen, "I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure," the latter replies, "You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard."

## CANADA AND THE CANADIANS.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN IN CANADA.

Anxious only to present the truth to our readers, we have pleasure in publishing the following reply to the communication upon the drawbacks of Canada that appeared in our issue of January 12.

The letter appearing in a recent issue of JOHN BULL is a very poor emulation of the straightforward criticisms of its editor. Its writer says: "You can make what use you like of my letter (light the fire with it), but it fairly makes my feet ache to read the rot, etc."

One would infer from this that he is accustomed to read with his feet; and, after perusing his column of criticism on Canada and Canadians, one could almost imagine that he talks also through his hat. He is evidently one of those Englishmen who are the cause of a great many Englishmen who come to Canada being disliked. I can just imagine this critic and builder of houses coming on to a Canadian job and "sacking" all the Canadians.

I have seen dozens of Englishmen slouching up and down the streets of Canadian cities, their hands in their pockets, and wearing, what is to the Canadian, their very funny little tweed caps.

The Englishman, generally speaking, is a lump of insularity. He has stayed so long on his little island that he really begins to think it is the only worthy spot floating in the waters of the globe. He imagines Canada uncivilised. He thinks that the country has an abominable climate; that it is, from one year's end to another, plastered with snow and ice; that it boasts of a few villages, and that its inhabitants are more famous for their straight shooting than for good manners. All of which is incorrect.

The first study of your anonymous critic in America has evidently been "hot air" and Yankee yarn spinning. But he admits that Canada is "a grand country with magnificent possibilities." He tells us something new when he says that the biggest drawback is our "wretched climate." He also tells us—which makes our eyes open wide—that he has seen skating on a lake where the sun shone, so that you could lie about and watch the skating and be quite warm, and the next morning icicles eight to nine feet long were hanging from the house tops." Gee whiz!

This is not all. He informs us that "You want to be careful or you will be frozen to death in bed sometimes." All of which is fine, imaginative journalism.

One cannot help thinking that your critic has either been dreaming, has had a fearful nightmare, or has taken something which has not agreed with his digestive organs.

He took a trip on one of the lake steamers one Sunday, he adds. Did he specially charter a steamer for his own use? This question is asked simply because the lake steamers do not, and are not, allowed to run on Sunday. If he means the ferry boats, it is like his Brigadier Gerard methods to suggest that, by putting his umbrella on a chair, he was entitled to a lease of seating accommodation for the rest of the short journey.

He is getting on well in this country. That is pretty lucky for him, considering his eccentricities. When he returns he will get on much better if he leaves some of his objectionable English methods behind, and especially his blatant windbag criticisms.

An editorial note which recently appeared on this subject in one of Canada's leading journals—the *Monetary Times*—is interesting:—

"If one were to judge by the constant and heart-rending wails which find their way into the English press over such signatures as 'Victim,' 'Englishman,' 'Disgusted,' and a dozen other names, one would almost be led to believe that Canada is a very dreadful country to live in. These letters cannot but amuse the Canadian. Neither can they fail to raise a smile on the face of the Englishman who knows his Canada. . . . These complaints and warnings by persons who shield their identity with euphonics-noms-de-plume, are lamentable. The Canadian is the most loyal colonist extant. His cousin is always welcome to his shores. The Englishman knows that right down in his heart he has a kindly feeling for the Canadian. A frequent exchange of visits between the Mother Country and the Colony will strengthen this good feeling and level down to their proper worth the literary ramblings of a few malcontents. Those who cross the seas with the object of making Canada their home, should adopt Mrs. Canada as their mother. Canada wants Canadian citizens."

As your paper is always fair in hearing both sides, and as it is my firm conviction that such biased and absurd effusions as the criticism which appeared in your recent issue tend to create a bitter feeling between the Mother Country and the Colony, perhaps you will be kind enough to find space for this reply.

## BEAUTY CULTURE FREE.

A LONDON FIRM'S AMAZING OFFER.

EVERY MAN AND WOMAN SHOULD READ THIS.

The value of personal appearance is really inestimable. We are certainly judged "by our looks," and not only to the fairer sex is confined that penetrating eye that at once gauges character, disposition, and claims to physical attraction. Women, however, as a general rule, have more time to spend in the cult of appearance and good looks, but even they are apt to neglect the great charms nature has given. To-day, when even commercial success depends on personal appearance, numbers of the sterner sex are finding that it is absolutely necessary to pay attention to appearances and endeavour to restrain the ravaging hand of time.

The following free offer, made by the largest and certainly the most enterprising firm in London, in the light of the above remarks, will, we are certain, prove of interest to all JOHN BULL readers.

Which of the great adjuncts to personal appearance and beauty most quickly portrays to our friends and enemies the passing of time? Surely, that most beautiful natural gift, the hair. Immediately the hair begins to fade in colour, becomes dull, and, indeed, commences to fall from the head, the face beneath takes on an older look. Not all the brilliancy of rosy cheeks, not all the brightness of the clearest eyes, will count against the tell-tale dull, grey, or falling hair. To those who would preserve their looks and keep the invaluable asset of good appearance, the care of the hair becomes a necessity, and it is in this connection that the free offer is made.

## THE SPECIAL FREE OFFER.

We conclude the name of Edwards' "Harlene" is known in every household in this kingdom. "Harlene" has proved the one hair tonic and restorer that has earned the confidence of the public. The proprietors of this invaluable preparation have decided to offer free to all readers of JOHN BULL a special bottle of their wonderful preparation, with special directions how to use the same, and thus allow every person to start on a simple course of beauty culture without cost.

The special bottle of "Harlene" will be sent to all those sending name and address to Edwards' Harlene Company, 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, and enclosing three penny stamps to defray cost of postage (foreign stamps accepted), and mentioning the name of this paper. If called for, no charge whatever will be made. This unique opportunity of testing a hair tonic that has earned the praise of all classes, from Royalty downwards, should be taken advantage of by all those who appreciate the value of beautiful, bright, healthy hair.

"Harlene" is a tonic preparation which, acting directly at the nourishment centre of the hair shafts, prevents decay and loss of colour. Its use when baldness has set in has been recommended by medical men, and, indeed, practical results have shown that even when all vestige of hair has disappeared a new growth has been encouraged, and that simply by a few daily applications of "Harlene."

"Harlene" is at once a toilet luxury and a splendid hair tonic. It is pleasant to use, and combines with a cooling sensation and healthy fragrance tonic properties the value of which have been medically tested.

We advise every reader, lady or gentleman, to write or call to-day for the special bottle of "Harlene," we should say those only who desire to keep the hair beautiful, healthy, and strong. The use of "Harlene" in early life will be found to save all the inconvenience of hair troubles, for such disagreeable ailments as scurf, dryness, and breaking hair never occur to those who constantly use this splendid tonic. It is said that health affects the brilliancy of the hair, or, rather, that ill-health takes away that gloss which is so much admired. "Harlene" keeps the hair glossy, bright, and clean. All who respect their appearance should use it daily.—[ADVT.]

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## THE HURLY BURLY.

BY THEODORE DAHLE.

### III.—THE VALUE OF THE VOTE.

Being in the neighbourhood of Palace Yard late the other afternoon I beheld an astonishing assemblage of what looked like ladies; they wore frocks, anyhow. At first I thought they were a Sunday school treat. A nearer view, however, convinced me that they were a walking match. Why they were walking, where they were walking, or what they intended to do when they got there, was for the moment by no means clear to me, so I turned up my trousers and joined the procession. Then the purpose of that mass of frocks, and bonnets, and matinée hats dawned on me. The Sufferingettes were marching once again on the House of Commons, determined to do or die.

Suddenly the ladies made a wild rush at the doors, to find themselves face to face with the policemen on the beat, many of whom were mounted on chargers. Said I to myself, said I, "This is no place for me. At the call of battle my place is not in the fighting line; it is up a tree, or behind a fence, or in a doorway, or on the top of a tram-car." So I departed to a place of safety, and I beg to say I owe it to my military tactics that I am still out of hospital and the police-court. The war horses of the police seemed to have smelled the battle afar off, and heard the thunders of the captains and the shouting, for when the doors of the House were slammed in the faces of the ladies, in a way which I am sure they considered rude, and when they would not return whence they came, but struggled with the foot police in that lady-like way which characterises all their physical culture, the war horses galloped at them. Many of the Sufferingettes fell into the mud, and arose in need of soap, and sticking-plaster, and the police magistrate. It was not a nice battle while it lasted, for the weather was so dirty, and I do not like to see horses ridden among women. But what would you? Is a policeman to be torn limb from limb, or his garments rent till he stand naked and ashamed? I pray you no. Even a policeman has his feelings.

I understand these ladies want the vote. Personally, I have no objection to their having it. They can have mine if they like; it has never been any good to me. I have been voting many years now for all sorts of things and all sorts of people in all sorts of circumstances. If I vote for a County Councillor because he says he believes in economy with efficiency, he has not been elected more than three months before the rates go up threepence instead of going down fourpence, and all I ever seem to get for the money is another ten-foot hole in the middle of the street and a new daub of paint on the nearest lamp-post. When I vote for a member of Parliament because he says he is in favour of this, that, and the other, I find that when he gets into the House of Commons about the only thing he can effectively do is to sit on his hat and keep his mouth shut. Of course I am only a mere man, and it may be that if women had the vote things would be different. It is rumoured that she who rocks the cradle rules the world. But the trouble with these Sufferingettes appears to be that none of them has a cradle to rock; anyhow, if she has she does not rock it.

One would suppose that a vote in this great and glorious country was an open cheque on the Bank of England, and that all anybody who holds it has to do is to fill it up for what he pleases. If a vote is a cheque of that kind all I have to say about it is that it never gets honoured; at least, it has never been honoured since I have had it. It is a stupendous spoof; and if Parliament, as it is at present, were to be shut up for forty thousand years, I do not believe it would either injure my health or hurt my prospects. All the time it refrained from sitting I never missed it, or missed the man I voted for, and I don't believe anybody else did either. I was a keen politician before I lost my hair; now I do not seem to care three ha'pence whether my vote is taken from me and given to a Sufferingette.

When the Liberals are in office I am told by the Tories that the country is going to the dogs, and when the Tories are in office I am told by the Liberals that it has gone. At the time of a General Election, when the canvassers from both sides come and look me up about nine times a day, I am led to believe that I am somebody in particular, but when the election is over and my man gets in, I do not amount to a row of pins, and I doubt whether he would lend me fourpence on my note of hand. It would be that way exactly with my maiden aunt and my mother-in-law if they got the vote. They would traipse in high heels and feathers to the polling booth as if they owned the whole British constitution, and when they had been voting for about ten years they would sit down with their heads in their hands and wonder what they had got for their boot leather.

**"BARRIERS AND OPPORTUNITIES."**

BY BERNARD TWERDALE.

I entered the florist's shop; and when I awoke to the fact that I was not in a fairy's bower, I bowed to a fair vision who leaned in a seductive manner over the counter.

"Good morning," said I politely.

"It is nice," she murmured, in response.

Now I had entered that shop with a very ordinary and natural purpose in my mind, but it was in a hesitating voice I said—or stammered:

"Would you please make me up a small bouquet?"

"With pleasure!" somewhat coldly. I could have kicked myself. Why, oh, why didn't I want a simple buttonhole? Unfortunately the rose I wore was perfectly fresh. If I could have "lost" it—?

As I came back from a somewhat fanciful dream in regard to the relationship of bouquets to buttonholes, and the some-time consequences of interchange, the silence became uncomfortable. Ten nimble fingers were placing roses together, two pretty eyes were bent resolutely downward, a perfect rosebud of a mouth pouted slightly I thought. That decided me.

"Your taste is perfect, mademoiselle."

"I have not the gift of reciprocity on every occasion, monsieur."

"Yet my thoughts were truly a compliment."

"Well I indeed the flowers are worthy, are they not?"

I felt worsted in the argument; a certain card, which was being attached to the bouquet, gave point to my vexation.

"Mademoiselle," tentatively.

"Monsieur," mischievously.

"Is constancy always a virtue?"

"Surely your experience must be a perfect proof."

"M'yes, but life is full of opportunities."

The bouquet lay between us. I leant forward and placed my hand over the little palm that held it.

"Yet there is always a barrier, monsieur."

Pettishly my fingers wandered down the stalks till they touched a card.

"I love the name Mabel," she said.

"Yes, it is rather pretty," I replied, but I did not care for this turn of the conversation. Gently I pressed the bouquet on one side, and pressed the hand above.

"A barrier can always be removed, mademoiselle."

"Always?" she murmured, as I drew her as near as the counter would permit.

"Invariably," I answered firmly.

"Had you better not deliver your little bouquet?" with an arch glance.

"There is time for all things," I murmured, "and barriers are made to be removed." I endeavoured the feat of walking round the counter with my arm at full length. I would not leave go. When I reached half the distance—

"My name is Mabel also," shyly.

"I adore it," I replied gallantly, as I reached my disengaged arm forward towards her waist.

"My husband always says just the same," murmured she.

And then I glanced at her left hand. My arm became weaker than it had been a few minutes before.

"Monsieur."

"Madame," somewhat stiffly.

"There are always barriers."

"It seems so," half laughing.

"It was enjoyable," with a sigh.

I thought it time to depart. I took up my bouquet and reached the door.

"Life is full of opportunities—lost," I said.

In just half an hour the bouquet was delivered.

We congratulate the shop assistants in the boot trade upon the success of their agitation against what is known as the "radius clause" in managers' agreements, under which assistants were most seriously hampered. The grocery, butchery, and jewellery trades had already fought a successful fight against these radius restrictions, and now some 1,500 managers employed by some of the principal firms in the retail boot trade are free from the fetters of the restriction. We cannot doubt that the movement of emancipation will grow until the radius clause has to be abandoned, even by the most grasping of boot manufacturers.

DEAR MADAM (or SIR),

May I send you some specimen copies of JOHN BULL for distribution amongst any of your friends who are not at present readers?

Yours respectfully,

THE PUBLISHER.

4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

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## JOHN BULL'S POST-CARDS.

To Mr. Rowland Hunt, M.P. for Ludlow.

Dear Rowy,—So they have made you pay the price for entertaining the House the other evening on the manifold and manifest shortcomings of your leader, Mr. Balfour, have they? Struck you off the Whips' lists and scorned you with much scorning, eh?

Well, well, my boy, you certainly have the consolation that you did your best. As they say in the street, you piled it on thick, and rubbed it in well. You will now have to linger in the House as an "unattached Conservative," and may even meet the fate of the immortal Cap'n Tommy Bowles, Master Mariner. You have come to glory too soon, my boy. You were not born for the party system. You were born to revolve masterly in the eccentric orbit of your own little lonesome. Make a party of yourself. Be your own leader, your own whip; and when you speak, have the House all to yourself; and whenever you feel sad and lonely, remember Boadicea.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Despard, Desperation Camp, Suffrago Street, London.

Dear Lady,—Joy be unto you, and peace, and thanksgiving. I see that the dearest hopes of your heart are at last fulfilled. Long have you yearned, long have you waited, long have you sorrowed that no policeman on the beat would arrest you, and no magistrate convict you. Now you have been run in, and linger martyred in the prison cell, all for the Cause.

It is perhaps natural that you, the sister of General French, one of the two or three men who did not kill and bury his reputation in the late war with the late Rev. Johannus Paulus Kruger, should lead the Suffrageous Army into the hardest and most desperate battle of their wild and woolly campaign. I have never doubted your bravery. But, dear lady, the snows of the years are in your hair, and they should have brought with them discretion. I agree with your brother the General (Salutations, mon General!) that if you will join in this "foolish agitation," you must take what you get. You may think yourself a heroine and a martyr. Really, you are a spectacle for ridicule and laughter.

For you did look ridiculous leading that crowd, believe me. One of the saner lady novelists, Miss Helen Mathers, writes in one of her books that a mob of sober women looks worse than a mob of drunken men. I agree with her, now that I have seen you at the head of a regiment in petticoats. If there had been mirrors all the way, dear lady, you would have beaten a retreat, every Jack man—I beg your pardon!—every Jill woman of you.

The authorities do not know how to deal with you. You go to gaol as martyrs. I would furnish your cells with the choicest works of Tottenham Court Road, and sprinkle them every morning and evening with all the perfumes of Arabia. You should have eiderdown to lie on, and grand pianos to play on. Your meals should be served on silver salvers by powdered lacqueys. Then when you all came out, dear lady, you could mount the Nelson monument, and tell all the grinning multitude how scandalously the tyrant Man had treated you. Adieu, until we meet again.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. Britton Evans, Superintendent of the Morris Plains Lunatic Asylum, New Jersey.

Dear Doc,—I perceive that you are another lunatical expert, not perhaps as lunatic as the other one (the gentleman who left the "witness stand" in the Thaw trial amid the inextinguishable laughter of five continents and the man in the moon), but still a marvel in your way. I am an expert of sorts myself, and the more I see of life the more am I convinced that there are more lunatics outside asylums than ever get into them. When next you are in England, call on me, and I will examine your brain.

You told Delmas the other day that you had found a

depression or valley in Thaw's head, but you could not explain why it was there. Well, my friend, it was put there by Providence to collect the rain, so that when Thaw takes his hat off the wet may cool his fevered brow. You also observed that you had tickled his feet, and that there seemed to be an unusual responsiveness in the papillary reflexes. Oh, doc, doc, what are you giving us? Don't you know that you are a witness in a murder trial, and not a performer in a comic opera?

If I were to go around tickling the feet of the American continent between the os calcis and the calcaneo-scaphoid ligament, or even between New York and San Francisco, I guarantee to get enough sensory responsiveness in the papillary reflexes to keep it kicking for a week. If this is a sign of lunacy, then there ought to be 16,471 lunatic asylums in every American city, and every asylum ought to be full. What I want to know is whether you have carefully tickled Thaw in the intercostal space between the fifth and sixth dorsal vertebrae also, because if you have not, the evidence that he is more insane than the rest of the population of America strikes me as being inconclusive. Please let me hear from you on this point without delay; and in the meantime, stop your tickling, Jock!

JOHN BULL.

J. F. Remnant, Esq., M.P. for Holborn.

Dear Remmy,—See you have given notice in the House of Commons to move that provision should be immediately made for securing a weekly day of rest for the Metropolitan policeman. You can count on my support in this beneficent proposal.

Some people will say that the police get enough rest; that when you want them and they are not there you can rely upon it that they are resting. For instance, Mr. Charles Wertheimer wants to know where the police happened to be when the burglar walked out of his house amid a peel of electric alarms with the pictures under his arm, and the *recherche* snuffboxes in his pocket? But, of course, a policeman cannot be in two places at once. As he did not happen to be outside the Wertheimer mansion at the time, it is only fair to suppose that he was elsewhere.

But it is all right. Everything comes to him who waits, as the butler said when he got the champagne cork in his eye. And if Mr. Wertheimer will wait for a few years, no doubt the police will be able to restore the valuables to his executors, and perhaps even learn the name of the gentleman who did the deed. Meanwhile, if I were he, I think I should smash up the burglar alarms and get insured. Take my advice, Remmy, and always get insured after a burglary or a fire. Let me know when you want my vote and interest.

JOHN BULL.

## WHAT I THINK.

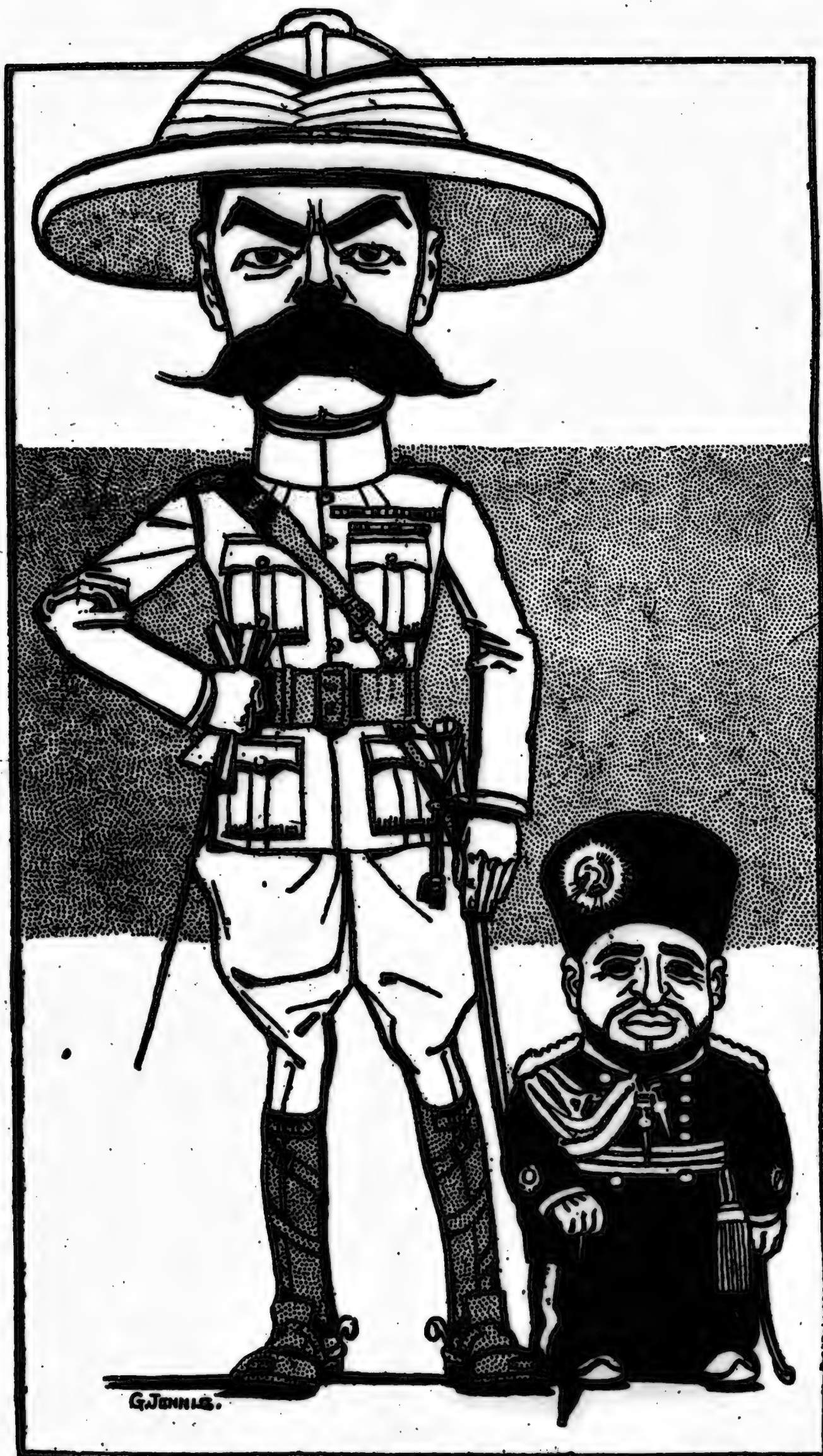
BY A CYNIC.

I think where'er I take my steps  
I come across confusion;  
The world is never what it seems,  
And things are half illusion.

I think that men in Parliament  
Are very fond of trifles;  
And spend a deal of idle breath  
On bayonets and rifles.

I think Society is made  
Of creditor and debtor;  
I think that men are mostly fools,  
And women are no better.

I think that life is all a fraud,  
Full of deceit and lying;  
That love is only a mirage,  
And death is not worth dying.



*"India and Afghanistan are standing Shoulder to Shoulder."—The Ameer.*

By F. P. DUNNE.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "a hand across th' sea has been extended to us again. We rayceived it undher th' ear."

under th' ear.

"Did ye read about it? Ye didn't? Well, 'twas this way. Our fellow-Anglo-Saxons own an island somewhere beyant Cubia where they raise rum, mollasses, ginger, an' naygurs f'r th' export thrade. 'Tis fr'm there we get th' sturdy blacks that may be seen anny day smoking cigareets an' playin' cards while diggin' th' Pannyma Canal. It's a vallyable little Pearl iv th' Ant-Hills, and if England had a few more iv them she'd be broke. Well, th' other day an earthquake come along an' shook it up. It must've been a good deal iv a jolt f'r almost as manny people were kilt be it as die in this counthry anny cold day fr'm not havin' good enough shoes. It was pretty bad, an' we're a good-hearted people at heart, d'ye mind, an' ivrybody, even thim unhappy people that can't be sure they are Anglo-Saxons on account iv their parentage, were in favor iv doin' somethin' f'r th' poor creatures.

"Us Anglo-Saxons looked on it another way. 'Twas not to nurse th' injured nor feed th' hungry that we called on th' Prisdint to send ships to Kingston, but 'twas to bind up th' wounds in wan iv th' extremities iv our Mother Country. Th' Anglo-Saxon union invited contributions through its Chairman, th' Hon. Isaac Guggenheim. Th' Prisdint with tears in his eyes ordered Bob Evans to send somebody else to Jamaica to help our cousins an' prove again that blood is stickier than water. He did not think 'twas wise to send Bob Evans himself so soon after th' earthquake. Bob Evans picked out a lad be th' name iv Davis, an' he got together our warships an' rushed off to Kingston.

"'Twas all right. If there was an Englishman in throuble in th' next house I'd thry to f'rget what his folks done to mine an' no wan wud be quicker to his bedside thin this Anglo-Saxon. What I'd do to him afther he got out iv th' hospital might be diff'rent. I have gr-reat feelin' f'r human sufferin', an' I don't know that I don't feel sorrier f'r an Englishman in throuble thin f'r annywan else. I've got to keep from laughin'. Besides, if there's wan use I'd like to put a warship to it wud be to make a grocery wagon or an ambulance out iv it. I wish whin th' Prisdint gets through usin' th' navy to relieve foreign disthress that on'y feels relieved whin th' navy goes away, he'd instrucht it to sail up th' canal to Ar-rchey Road prepared to hurl a broadside iv overcoats, boots, condinsed milk, an' flannel bandages at our neighborhood. Since this cold snap set in we've been a somewhat sthriken community oursilves.

"Well, away wint Admiral Davis an' steamed into Kingsthorpe Harbor, an' as a first aid to th' injured made a searchlight display an' fired th' customary salute iv four hundred an' eight guns. It was arly in th' evenin', an' th' Gov'nor havin' issued proclamations relievin' distress ontill teatime, was enjoyin' a well-earned slumber. But he got up at wanst an' rayturned th' compliment in th' most gracious terms. He wrote a note to th' Admiral as follows: 'Shut up ye'er darn guns an' get out iv here. Ye make my head ache.'

"Th' Admiral, bein' an Anglo-Saxon fr'm Boston, where Jawunny Fitz is Mayor, was much moved be this delicate complimint, an' havin' fired another salute iv two hundherd an' four guns f'r th' Gov'nor's scretety an' instrhucted th' band to play 'Gawd Save th' King,' he wint ashore. On his way to th' rooned capital he came acrost a boatload iv American citizens takin' refuge fr'm a British ship on th' wobbly but more frindly land. Th' feelin' iv th' native-born Anglo-Saxons on board this ship toord their cousins was so sthrong

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an' warm that they wud not permit thim to share th' rigors iv life on th' perilous waves, with an awful smell iv cookin' comin' fr'm th' galley an' nawthin' to sleep in but cots. No, Sir. They insisted that they accept th' hospitality iv a neighboring dock, Sir Alf Jones even pressin' th' hospitality so far as to threaten to throw thim overboard if they didn't lave at wanst.

"Ye may guess, Hinnessy, what a sacrifice our cousins were makin' to men an' women that they'd niver met before nor hoped to meet again, but that were bound to thim be a language common to both, though spoken through diff'rent features iv th' face. F'r th' luxurious dock was open to th' gin'rous sun be day an' th' kindly moon be night, it had niver been used except to store molasses, rum, an' coloured gentlemen, an' 'twas swept be ocean breezes always, be th' ignoble broom seldom. Our fellow-citizens were so much gratified be this almost overwhelming outburst iv hearty old English hospitality that they passed resolutions askin' th' United States Government to land supplies in Kingston be inclosin' thim in twelve-inch shells an' shootin' thim at th' Gov'nor's palace.

"Th' Admiral pro-ceeded on shore an' wint to make an offical call on th' Gov'nor. Th' reception was characteristic iv that old-fashioned good cheer that commerce an' th' greed iv Americans is desthroyin'. Th' Admiral was allowed to stand in th' outside office f'r as long a time as he wanted. Thin a ruddy, janial face appeared at th' dure an' says: 'James, tell him I've gone away to stay till nineteen hundherd an' eight.'

"Here, Hinnessy, I'd like to read yet a sketch iv this gr-reat man that has done so much to bind two sister nations in a perfect knot an' to show that though blood may be thicker thin water, heads are thicker still. Sir Aleck Sweatingham was born in Fotheringham Court Road in th' year eighteen thirty-four. He was a mumber iv an illusthrees fam'ly that had not been out iv th' parish f'r four cinchries. Arly in life he showed traits that marked him f'r a diplomatic career. No wan cud get along with him. At six he kicked a maiden lady who offered him gingerbread; at nine he bit th' parson who thried to make him a present iv a dhrum. Such traits cud not be lightly pushed aside. It was clear that he was destined be nature to rule over th' swarthy tribes upon whom alone the sun iv England sets, an' sets hard.

"While still a mere youth he was dispatched to th' Island iv Booloojoo, in th' Indyan Sea, where he soon made a name f'r himsilf be formin' the native Rajahs into a Church iv England Definse League. His rise was rapid. First appointed in thirty-four, in sixty-three he was promoted to th' Gov'norship iv th' popylous Island iv Gazip, in th' Gulf iv Baf; population, 1860, two whites, five millyon blacks; salary, two millyon pice (£50). In rulin' this difficult province he made a gr-reat repytation, which extended as far as th' borders iv Swat. A man iv iron, cold an' hard, he intrajooiced hansom cabs dhrawn be natives instead iv th' old-fashioned rickshaw, induced th' Rajah to throw away his pagan turban an' adopt th' more seemly stovepipe hat, started a muffin bakery, an' took steps to abolish plural marredges.

"Fourteen years later a still more important honour was lavished on him. Whin th' Gov'norship iv Plague-town, on th' East Coast, was made vacant th' last name that occurred to th' Colonial Office was Alick Sweatingham, an' he was appinted. After survivin' f'r iliven years in this arjoos post, he was again promoted at th' request iv th' on'y other white man in th' colony, an' rayceived th' important post iv Gov'nor iv Jamaica, an honour which few achieve an' still fewer desire. This completes th' career iv th' gr-reat man, which may soon be r-rounded out be his bein' fired. Ivrywhere he wint he made frinds where he'd been before. In all th' counthries where he ruled he left a repytation f'r janiality an' repose. At laste, he niver had it with him whin he showed up at th' new job.

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## AVOID USELESS HAIR DYES.

First let me tell you that you can never permanently alter the colour of your hair by any mere dye, but must use my preparation, which is a corrective of the pigmentary glands that naturally provide the hair with its colour. The dyes commonly sold do nothing more than stain the hair, and from my observations I say in all truth that one might as well use ink or stove polish.

These "Popular" Dyes usually give the hair an unsightly appearance—everybody except the deluded user can see the artificial gloss. As the hair grows out, streaks become visible near the scalp, which must be expertly "touched," and unless this is done by a skilled hairdresser, the result is shocking. Some of

the dyes make bad stains on the scalp. When these common preparations are used for some time, the hair gradually rots away and at last, the services of the wigmaker are necessary.

NOW I WILL SPEAK OF MY PREPARATIONS—"Prof. Paul Lind's Liquid," which is prepared only by me. It is a scientific formula, the result of great experience, chemical knowledge and study. Its effect is upon the organic system of the hair, being a stimulant to the pigmentary glands, thereby causing a true and permanent alteration to the natural shade. PROF. PAUL LIND'S LIQUID is the cheapest hair restorer in the world, because in most cases one full-size bottle suffices for a lifetime. Moreover, my preparation saves the continual worry that common dyes give, and actually promotes the growth, at the same time making the hair soft, silky and handsome. Last, but not least—it is perfectly harmless.

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"It was this mighty statesman that our humble Admiral thried to meet. Admiral Davis was overcome by his rayception. We don't expect our dear cousins to gush over us. They ar-re more self-contained thin we ar-re. Behind their rugged chests beat warm an' ginorous hearts, but they find it hard to say annything pleasant without chokin', an' Admiral Davis was surprised as well as charmed by Aleck's greetings. He said he had niver met so polite an Englishman. In his gratichood he landed throops to dhrive naygur prisoners back into jail, put up awnings on stores, an' hitched th' horses to th' sthreet cars in th' annihilated city. He was amazed to receive almost instantly an effusive dispatch in th' followin' language: 'Get out iv here or I'll heave arf a brick at ye.' Th' Admiral replied: 'Gawd bless ye f'r ye'er kind wurruds. It is a happiness to me to meet ye'er Ixcillincy's approval. It shows that we ar-re bound together be ties iv common brotherhood an' th' common language iv Shakespeare an' others. I have th' honour to rayport that th' fleet undher my command has put up a tent, started two grocers in business, an' proticted a safe fr'm bein' robbed.'

"To which Aleck replied heartily: 'I don't know what th' divvle ye mane be a common language, but if ye're not out iv here by noon ye'll hear some language that's commoner thin anny iver used be Shakespere, whoiver he may be. Get out, I say. Chase ye'ersilf. Beat it to th' deep sea. If ye don't hurry I'll send a naygur polisman to run ye in. If anny safe was took ye stole it ye'ersilf and have it hid now in wan iv ye'er scows. I've a good mind to go aboard an' search ye. Mis'able Yankee fry,' says he. 'Take th' eastern channel,' he says. 'There are rocks there an' some sharks,' he says.

"Admiral Davis cud not thrust himsilf to a reply in writing. He wint at wanst to call on th' gallant an' courteous riprisintitive iv his Majesty. What passed between the two envoys iv th' wurruld's powers will niver be known. It was too sacred to be repeated. It is enough to say that whin Admiral Davis come fr'm th' mansion, th' Gov'nor's right eye was black with grief, an' he carrid a large an' vallyable axe which he was thryin' to presint to th' Admiral. Th' Constitution f'rbids our officers acceptin' presints f'r doin' their jooty simply an' well. That night, havin' completed their errand iv mercy, th' fleet sailed away, an' so sthrong was th' feelin' aboard th' ships in th' harbor that not a sound issued fr'm thim. Admiral Davis was highly pleased with th' epyisode. Those who heerd his comments say he is splendidly qualified to fill Bob Evans's place in th' hearts iv th' American Navy.

"An' there ye ar-re, Hinmissy; another link forged in th' chain that hooks us up to our Motherland. It is such occurrences that makes us know that though a sturdy Briton may be slow in speech, he still cherishes

th' proper feelin' to'rd this counthry. Betther th' bluff kick in th' eye thin th' soft answer that turneth away our wrath an' th' kick in th' eye aftherward. Aleck has cleared up a good manny doubts in my mind iv where we stand. If we're cousins at all, Jake Schiff an' Prisidint Hadley an' I belong to an infeeryor branch iv th' fam'ly an' ought to be treated as such. Besides, knowin' how relations act to'rd each other, if I've got to be anny kind iv relation let it be as distant as possible. I'm sorry they're goin' to fire Aleck. He's a good man who's done something f'r th' wurruld. I'm sorry f'r thim if they fire him, f'r they'll have to take him home. If they want to punish him they ought to make him per-petchool Gov'nor iv Jamaica."

"What did they want to sind th' navy-f'r, annyhow?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Maybe ye're right," said Mr. Dooley. "I think mesilf this navy iv ours is gettin' into th' habit iv runnin' to fires. It's all right to rescue people fr'm a burnin' buildin', but I think I'd wait till I was asked. Maybe th' man wud rather be burned to death thin have a cousin rescue him an' have it th' talk iv th' family f'r tin years."

### "UNEMPLOYED."

BY VERA CANUTE.

The little maid knocked timidly at No. 56 and stammered her requirements to the thin, unattractive woman who opened the door.

"Please m'am I seed you wanted a general in the *Chapel Times*. I'm willing and cheap."

The sour-visaged woman looked at the little maid's face; into her truthful eyes.

"You're very young."

"But that 'andy."

"You have references?"

"They'd say I were honest in me last situation."

"Your parents are respectable?"

"Mother's dead, please m'am."

"And your father?"

The little maid blushed.

"I—I don't remember father," she said.

"You'd better come in."

Miss Cowl led the way down the stairs to the kitchen.

"I should like you to know that my house is at the disposal of paying visitors. A colonel has just left me, the third son of an honourable has my top floor front, so that you must understand how necessary it is that your references are perfectly satisfactory."

The little maid looked frightened.

"Oh yes, m'am."

"Your wages?"

"I 'ave been 'aving thirteen and no washing."

"You will have all the washing here and twelve."

"Yes, m'am."

"You can come at once?"

"To-day if yer wants me. I'd be glad to m'am, seeing as 'ow I've nowheres else to go."

"All I require is your references, and you will find that if I am satisfied with you, you will remain with me for some considerable time." The little maid trembled.

"If you please—if you please," she began.

"Is there anything further you wish to say?"

"If you please I shan't be able to—to stay 'ere long."

"And why?"

"'Cause—cause," her voice fell to a whisper, "I'm agoin' to 'ave a little 'un, and—"

"You did not say you were married. I dislike married persons, but if your husband does not visit here I should not object to engaging you."

"I 'aven't got a 'usband."

"Haven't got a husband!"

"Please m'am the young man wot I used ter walk out wiv, and was goin' ter marry, 'as gone orf, and it ain't nothin' wonderful strange neither, seeing as 'ow I is only a slavey and 'im—'im somethink of a gent."

The little maid's eyes were wet, lovely; her thoughts of the deserter; the older woman's were stonily dry.

"Follow me."

Miss Cowl led the way back up the stairs, the little maid following.

"Ain't yer goin' to 'ave me fer a bit?"

Miss Cowl, her thin lips drawn tightly together, her nose held very high in the air, opened the door, and when the little maid had passed into the street, banged it noisily.



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## BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That "electric" is an abbreviation of "election-trick."

That Keir Hardie thinks it should be "underbred" instead of "undergrad."

That Gertie Millar objects to let her head Lionel Monckton's shoulder.

That Mr. Balfour knows what he is driving at.

That married members of the Westminster police are asking to be removed to another division, for "family reasons."

That the man Thompson, who has lain in bed for twenty-nine years, has been offered a position at the War Office.

That "mashers" of the stage-door type are beginning to haunt Holloway Castle.

That the Mayor of Devonport drives a "sulky."

That the Suffragettes *don't* think Keir Hardie would make a "prime" minister.

Miss Pockett was recently awarded a farthing damages for slander. Not much to Pockett.

The leg of a cab horse, produced at Marylebone County Court during a recent case, was hurriedly declared unnecessary. The evidence was too strong.

The smart girl of to-day takes care to have more than two strings to her beaux.

L.C.C. NOTES:—

The following additions have been lately presented by the Moderate Party to the Progressive museum at Spring Gardens:—  
Picture, "The Steamboat"—A Study in Still Life.

An egg-shop-girl variety, very scarce.

A blanket—Austrian, manufactured in Yorkshire.

A brick from Norbury—excessively rare by reason of its perfect state of preservation.

A pianoforte—of obsolete pattern, and interesting as an antiquity.

An account-book—which has evidently been in the oven too long.

An electric "plant"—which, after shocking everybody, won't work.

So Edna May is going to marry an American millionaire, and be the belle of New York again. We presume the organist at the wedding will introduce "When we are Married" into the Voluntary.

Manx's Isle is to go thirsty on Sundays, as the House of Keys has decided public-houses are to be locked, barred, and bolted in future. You won't get a drink till you get the keys to open the doors.

Colonel Rotton is in favour of "push." We are afraid his party will get it on March 2.

Sir J. Benn says he has the greatest possible respect for the borough councils. A clever phrase, but what about "possible"?

A man charged with bigamy said he thought his first wife was dead, as "she left a note to say she was." It certainly was a definite statement, but women are so contrary.

It is to be hoped the Civil Service Commissioners will appoint a Star Chamber to inquire into the villainies associated with the second division clerks, who are evidently outside the pale of civilisation, according to the prospectus of "the Westminster Club," which draws attention to the fact that these social pariahs will not be admitted to membership.

Miss Miller's new book is called "Living Lies," but we only expect white lies from a miller.

A Southport man, appealing for work, says in thirteen months his wife has had triplets and twins. More work! He wants a rest.

Although Dr. Court has courted the Derbyshire electors for many years, Harvey's sauce is more to their liking.

Mr. Emmott, M.P., speaking of the falling birth-rate, says if people started married life with nest-eggs the difficulty would disappear. Of course; there would soon be chicks, then.

At the Derbyshire election, a boy of fifteen, named Clowne, was allowed to vote. Not the only clown who did so.

Messrs. Dewar have placed a bottle of whisky in the foundations of their new premises in the Haymarket. Macaulay's New Zealander will be found up West.

## ANÆMIA AND WEAKNESS.

ANÆMIA being so prevalent nowadays, and its treatment being so difficult and weary, it will, we think, be a blessing to many of our readers to know that a new remedy has been discovered to combat this disease, which makes people unfit to fulfil the various duties of their callings.

Hitherto iron has been given in large doses to replace the missing red blood-corpuscles in the system, the absence of which, or rather the diminished quantity of which, is the cause of anæmia, but science has lately discovered that metallic iron is not absorbed by the blood-making organs at all, and is accordingly practically useless for the purpose for which it has been prescribed. This can only be done by organic iron such as is contained in Dr. Hommel's Hæmatogen, manufactured by Messrs. Nicolay and Co., 36, St. Andrew's Hill, London, E.C., which not only contains organic iron easily absorbed by the blood-making organs, but also albumen, which acts as a food and does not blacken the teeth nor affect the digestion.

Doctors think highly of this preparation, and a Liverpool physician recently wrote:—"After repeated trials of Dr. Hommel's Hæmatogen in cases of Anæmia, Rickets, and Consumption, I am convinced that it is one of the most reliable restoratives and tonics which have been placed in our hands within recent years."

We can strongly recommend it, and advise a trial.

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The 715,943 readers who have sent us jokes about the Thaw case and the weather are profusely thanked. Postcards make good firing.

We note that Marquis de Figueroa is the new Spanish Minister of Justice. Finance should have been more in his line.

Mr. Louis N. Parker says pageants "teach people to fear God and honour the King." We always knew the Lord Mayor's Show meant something.

"G. B. S." says: "People cannot help being actors." Except actors, we should say.

Several protest meetings have been held in regard to the "On the knee" business. It is rumoured that a society of young ladies are organising a counter-demonstration.

A man charged with begging declined to give his name, saying he was "the son of a representative peer." The defence was a good one.

The little girl who wrote that "the only wild beasts in England now were in the Theological Gardens," has realised an important truth at an early age.

A recent advertisement: "A young gentleman (descended from a King of England) wishes to obtain post in aristocratic household." If all the "young gentlemen descended from Kings of England" start working, there will be a big fall in rates and taxes.

On being asked his occupation, a man at Greenwich said he was a "tracer." It turned out he was a private inquiry agent. Tabloids are all very well, but "spy" would have been more diminutive still.

It is stated that the Bath road is the most used by motorists. We wish they would all go to Bath.

The Berlin police are to have dogs to help them. Every London bobby has his Witty-Cur.

While hunting a spook in an empty house, a Welsh journalist declares he heard "a sound like the gentle pop of a cork coming from the pantry," then all was still. Pot still, no doubt.

Dutch clocks are now unpawnable. Striking testimony to the discernment of Uncle.

It is not generally known that Judge Darling brought an action against a newspaper for calling him "The Little Tich of the Bench," and recovered £100 damages. If Little Tich had been the complainant, what would the damages have been?

An *Evening News* poster: "Have you seen the L.C.C. Bricks?" Why doesn't the *Star* retort, "Have you seen the Moderate mud?"

Jack Westrupp, of High Wycombe, wears a hat which once belonged to Lord Beaconsfield. We should be glad to hear of someone able to stand in his shoes.

One man's fees—other men's poison. Lord Lauderdale deplores the absence of fog and frost last year. He is director of a tube company.

Mr. Balfour says he is not prepared to supply a monthly bulletin of his opinions. So we must be content with the usual weakly ones.

Sir W. Gull says, "For men working hard beer is a good form of food." Now we understand what is meant by men "eating it."

The Marquis of Northampton says he always suspects people who change their name. Another attack on marriage!

The *Football Evening News* has started a competition on "How to Defeat the Progressives." Answers are to be addressed, "Colin A. Hatch." More new spelling!

The City Corporation have under consideration the shifting of Billingsgate to Shadwell. With the L.C.C. election nearly over, and the general election and borough councils last year, there is no further use for it.

The Ilford Council has prohibited tram-drivers and conductors from wearing their uniforms in public-houses. It will be hard lines if the publican has to erect dressing-rooms for his customers.

Professor Behring has been ill, but we rejoice to learn Behring's straight again now.

The new comedy at the Criterion is called "Three Blind Mice." Well, we shall see how they run.

Echo from the Thaw case: "The pollution of lying, double-minded, deceitful, money-grasping, smooth-tongued, hard-hearted but soft-speaking, professional deceivers." This is not from a L.C.C. candidate's speech; but it shows what could have been done.

Another.—Mr. Jerome to medical witness: "Can you tell if a man is insane by looking at him?"—"No; I must talk with him first." If the witness had been an editor, he would not want a personal interview.

Speaking of the King's popularity in Ireland, Tim Healy says: "He might walk naked through Ireland, and all that would be offered to him would be rose-leaves." Maybe, but a four-leaved shamrock would be better.

Hats off to Father Vaughan! "We are told poverty is caused by drink. That is a libel on the poor. If you fed, clothed, and set them up, the drop they take would do no harm. It is poverty drives a man to drink. Those who say otherwise are talking blithering idiocy." Good! How's that, you—you blithering idiots?

When getting his ticket for Belfast, Mr. Lloyd-George was asked if he was insured. Of course, he has a policy.

There is an easy way out of any difficulty, if you can only find it. Count Von Spee, speaking in the Prussian Parliament, said, "If meat is scarce and dear, the public need only eat less." Now, that is really a snip—a S-pee-snip.

A French contemporary marvels because Jerusalem is a good market for playing-cards. Why? Is it not on record that on a certain occasion the people "cast lots"?

Mr. Adrian Ross says that judicial humorists have become a necessity. This accounts for some extraordinary judicial decisions; for, of course, Necessity knows no law.

Speaking of unsuitable marriages, Dr. Hooker says that somewhere in the world there is the right mate for everyone. There is also a check-mate.

Dr. Hooker, speaking of atoms cohering, says the diamond is an example of the ideal marriage. Mrs. Bull says she quite agrees.

Mr. Harold Begbie is writing a series of "True Tales" for a Sunday contemporary. "The Converted Cabman" is one of them. Perhaps he now drives a motor-bus.

The Parsee case, which was called "a matter of pin-pricks," seems to have been rather more like a case of "the needle."

We should like to mention that "we" were not the "John Bull" charged at Marylebone with kicking a policeman in the stomach. Whenever we kick a policeman we always first ask him to turn round.

A matinee performance is to be given at Drury Lane on March 5th for the Lord Mayor's Cripples Fund. One of the items is "A Prehistoric Lord Mayor's Show." Why not "The"?

An Australian report of a ladies' cricket match says: "Anything on the leg side was sent to the boundary." Quite the proper place to hang them.

Mr. Joachim Kaspary writes to complain of a conspiracy of the Press to suppress "the knowledge that every man and woman has had and will have a human mother, and at least one human father." More women's wrongs!

A Staffordshire publican, applying for a licence, said he had not paid any rent for two years. He sold half a barrel of beer a week, drinking the rest himself. Better to be born lucky than rich.

While the Battersea coroner was empanelling a jury, a man asked to be excused because he was first cornet player at a theatre, but was refused. The theatre should be doing well while the inquest lasts.

The Countess of Carlisle, having had a dispute with one of the tenants on her estate, cut off his water. A curious thing for a teetotal advocate to do.

The Dean of Manchester asserts that, if it comes to a fight between man and woman, the Suffragist type is the one which will come out on top. Stop the fight!

Mrs. Devonshire, in the *National Review*, says: "Many people are ignorant of the fact that many French books are absolutely pure reading." But our puritans cannot afford to waste their time in asking for them.

The Moody-Manners company are to run a season at the Lyric from July to September. We are always more cheerful when we have Moody-Manners.

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## JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[JOHN BULL replies to some of his numerous correspondents.]

C. S. B. H. (Derby).—The *Daily Chronicle* is quite right. Of course, the Street Betting Act has simply driven the evil indoors, as we predicted would be the case.

C. K. J. (London) says the editor's speech on the Address was "the most invigorating valentine he ever received." More power to his elbow!

"Jock" (Bow) wants us to introduce an Act to abolish girls—especially of the lady clerk species. No, Jock, we can't oblige you. Female suffrage is coming—and we want to keep our seat.

LONDON SOLICITOR.—Whoever you are, you are wrong. The bargain assumed in our answer destroyed the relation of principal and agent. It did, really. Stand on us.

F. D. (Wood Green) sends us the *Sentinel*, a local paper from 'Endon way. It describes a concert, and says, after many other compliments, "and when the players played together, they played well." Unity is strength.

A. G. S. (Battersea) tells us of the hardships of Shop Porters, and suggests the formation of a trade society. Every class of workers should combine. It is useless either working or playing alone. See answer above this one.

W. T. P. (Birmingham) thinks Austen copies his father too much—even in local affairs, in regard to which we are told that, without giving any reasons of his own, he is opposing the extension of the city boundaries. But wouldn't Mr. Austen say that as the eldest son he is entitled to his father's opinions? It saves such a lot of trouble.

READER FROM THE START.—We hope you will remain one to the end. But you don't give your name and address, so we can't speak to you.

R. R. R. (Notting Hill) thinks *Reynolds'* deserves a biscuit for stating that Mr. John Burns is writing his autobiography, and has already refused £20,000 for the copyright. It is quite true. JOHN BULL offered it; but t'other John won't budge.

NANCY (Bayswater) is a bright girl. She sends us one of the *Evening News* "Tea Table Problems." Here it is:—

Two men picked up some money.

"If you give me one of your sovereigns," said John, "I shall have twice as many as you."

"No; how selfish you are," replied James. "Give me one of yours, and the numbers will be equal."

How many sovereigns had each?

And the correct answer, says the *E.N.*, is Four and Five! Come, come, Lord Northcliffe! Three cheers for Nancy.

W. C. R. (Rochford).—When we wrote about the Thaw case Mrs. Thaw had not given her evidence. You think Mr. Thaw was simply a "Rat Exterminator." But who is to decide about the rats? Sorry our "moral tone" is not high. Will you write for us?

W. G. (Hastings) thinks that many employers are in a worse financial position than their servants, and that Mary Jane should be compelled by law to insure herself. Wait till she gets the vote!

A. A. (St. John's Wood) wants the remains of the late Cardinal Vaughan also removed to Westminster Cathedral, now that those of Wiseman and Manning have gone there. Aye, aye, A. A.

W. G. (Hastings) sends us an advertisement from the *Hastings Observer* of the Albany Hotel, which has been "again enlarged and re-decorated." Nothing very special about that, you will say. But the point is that the advertisement has been running "without a change for the past seven years." It's like "Charley's Aunt."

J. E. (Ealing) sends us a circular issued by the National Dental Hospital, Great Portland Street, W., and says "the prices quoted are the same as those charged by any dentist to very poor people." What says the secretary?

A. B. (Blackheath) endorses our recent correspondent's remarks about Sir A. Swettenham, whom he knows to be "an exceptionally strong and capable man."

M. W. F. (Darwen) sends a report of a licensing case before the local bench in which the applicant was made to promise that if his licence were granted he would refrain not only from betting or allowing betting on the premises, but also from visiting any racetrack. A true illustration of the Darwinian theory!

JOANNE (Bishopsgate) addresses the following to our "Chestnut Editor":—"Window bills seen at the general stores in one of our large north country towns:—"Our fish cannot be approached!" "Our carpets cannot be beaten!" "Wear our boots and have a good fit!" Another advertisement seen on a lodging house in the same town: "Young men taken in and done for, and their vitals cooked."

H. G. S. (Battersea).—Thanks for cutting. There is no doubt at all that the Serbian Crown Prince is as mad as a hatter.

A. C. H. M. and E. P. C. (London).—It was clearly a misprint. Don't be too hard on the *Daily Mail*!

J. R. W. (Wylam-on-Tyne) asks us to find a situation for a friend of his, "41 years of age, who can talk and translate all the European languages, also Chinese, Japanese, Arabic, and Hindoostani." Now, if he could only translate what the baby says to us, we might be able to do something for him ourselves; but, all the same, if any reader knows of a suitable vacancy, we shall be pleased to put him in touch with J. R. W.

F. S. W. (York) says "Vivian's review (of Keary) was good, but I should like to have had his opinion of an author who reviews his own book." Surely an author knows so much about his own book that he is fully qualified to review it appreciatively. F.S.W. does not care about the "rummy nuisances" of "poor Jabez."

ILLEGIBLE SIGNATURE (Ipswich).—A correspondent protests that Witty-Cur does not give a single day which comes right in the whole year. As a matter of fact, Jim Crow bet the editor a hat, a bottle, and a dinner that at least 100 people would point out the "error." Ninety-nine have already stepped up. Who will be the old hundredth? Our friend is not seriously annoyed, for he goes on to say, "It certainly is witty and a book you can pick up at any time and open at random and be amused, to say nothing about instruction. Unlike most publications of the class, it keeps within the bounds of common decency and respect." Hear! hear! hear! hear!

H. S. G. (Anerley).—We will have a look at your book with pleasure.

"PERPLEXED" has received a circular from Copenhagen, and wants to know what it is all about:—

"Dear Sir,—Some times ago I allowed me to send you a orriginal offert and, as you to this day has not returned same I am thinking that you—though the enourmus offers—have accepted the orriginal, and asks you then kindly to send the little amount, by retourn of post, hidding all your rects. Should you or one of your friends not like to keep the orriginal, I ask you kindly to retourn same by retourn of post and excuse the trouble.—Yours respectfully,

ROB. TH. SCHRODER.

By alle correspondance c.t.r. I ask you to give upp your Number of account, as this is quite nessessary to hold our correspondance."

What is the use of enquiry? We don't know. And it's no use asking us. So we are hiding our rects.

"BETTY" (Newry).—We have not yet tried one of the 2s. 6d. "Chicken Hatching Marvels," offered by the American Poultry Syndicate, 7, Albion Grove, Stoke Newington. The "Marvels" sound too marvellous to be true. Perhaps some other reader can speak from experience.

J. D. J. (Wrexham).—We quite agree that the Lord Northcliffe ought to supervise his advertisement columns more carefully. So ought we.

"SERGT." (London, S.E.) points out an error in *Lloyd's News*, which stated that station-sergeants of police begin at £2 a week and rise to £3 10s. by annual increases of 1s. This would mean 30 years to reach the maximum, and "Sergt." says that is only £2 10s., not £3 10s.

H. C. R. (Nottingham).—Of course you liked Witty-Cur. See answer to "Illegible Signature (Ipswich)."

C. T. (Stoke Newington).—You must not expect too much accuracy for a bawbee.

H. A. B. (Nottingham) says an "Amiable Lunatic" has recently been delivering broadcast a handbill about the "Philosophy of Personal Influence," with the motto, "Greater Fun hath no man than the power to influence his fellow creatures and to sway them to his will." The "Amiable Lunatic" is Mr. T. Lightfoot Elliott, of 92, Goldsmith Street, Nottingham. We have italicised a portion of his name, thinking it is possibly a misprint for "head." The unfortunate part of the whole thing, however, is that we are informed Mr. Lighthouse—we mean Mr. Lightfoot Elliott—has not met with much success in his business as a ladies' costumier. Evidently his hypnotic powers were out of order. Still, he may have got some "fun," even out of that occupation.

TATCHO (London).—We know nothing about the Merston Remedy Co., of 59 and 60, Chancery Lane. It is a hair concoction? We should not be surprised to find some of these hair specialists cropped very short one of these days.

S. C. & T. (Exeter) sends us a copy of the *Postal Clerks' Herald* for January 19, and tells us that our recent post-card to the P.M.G. (which the *Herald* reproduces) has won us many readers in the service. We are always ready to lend a helping hand to one of the most useful and worst-paid branches of the public service.

A. C. L. (Plymouth).—Thanks for cutting, but many other papers fell into the same error.

CHRISTIAN HOOLIGAN (Bacup).—What's the matter with the handbill of the Acre Mill Baptist Sunday School, Stacksteads? Buck up, Bacup.

R. E. C. (Forest Gate).—Thanks for monkey cutting. The question now is: Is a man entitled to occupy a monkey house? What says Caruso?

J. W. M. (Balham).—Why do you describe us as Radicals? Don't you know that JOHN BULL has no party? Thanks all the same for your letter.

G. D. (New Malden) has invented a pocket card-filing system, which he desires to introduce to the trade. The best advice we can give him is to go to some responsible firm of wholesale stationers, and, in the meantime, we should not recommend him to incur any further expense.

E. W. (Kensington).—Thanks for letter and cutting. Professor Randolph Martin is a Yankee.

"A DISGUSTED MAN" (Manor Park).—So are we.

J. H. (Leicester), referring to our Church Army cartoon says: "We in Leicester know to our sorrow how the Army makes unemployed," and sends us a circular of the Leicester Labour Home appealing for firewood orders.

W. H. C. (St. Pancras).—Thanks for cutting, but we think we will give the Bishops a rest.

Mrs. W. (Kensington Park) says "the Salvation Army have no funds for anyone so grand as to take an 'appointment,'" whilst, as to those Hadleigh Farm pigs, we are advised to "go down to Hadleigh and see the pigs for ourselves." But we have already sent Jim Crow there, and he has not yet returned. We presume he finds their company thoroughly congenial—from which we draw our own conclusions. Mrs. W. adds that the Salvation Army, under no circumstances, intend to answer our criticism. She has evidently not seen circulars, copies of which are in our possession.

"A LADY TYPIST" writes that her brothers as well as the manager and traveller at her office take in JOHN BULL, so that, "between the lot of them, I read practically every word there is in it." She then pays us many compliments, summarising our merits, in truly feminine fashion, as "a very nice little paper." She would, however, like it to come out twice a week. We will do anything to oblige a lady, but we must give the other papers a chance.

A. J. B. (Westminster) tells us an extraordinary story about an old lady named Lewis, of 92, who is an inmate of Edmonson's Almshouses at Tottenham, the trustees of which are the Worshipful Company of Drapers. He says that she and her husband were admitted twelve years ago, but that about a year ago her husband died, and since that date the small pension they were receiving has been stopped, and she is now forced to take parish relief to the extent of 3s. a week. In addition to this the Drapers' Company have, we are told, given notice to the guardians that on a certain date Mrs. Lewis will be driven to the workhouse gate and left there. We can scarcely credit this statement, and shall be glad to hear the other side of the story.

J. G. (Teddington) is a builder and decorator, and says he was induced by the specious advice of an advertisement canvasser to sign a blank form for a space in a local time-table. He has since been summoned at the County Court and ordered to pay various amounts, and finds that many other tradesmen have been similarly victimised. It was, of course, very rash of J. G. to sign a blank form, and he is naturally very angry with the canvasser, whom he describes as "a scamp and a villain," and threatens to shoot. That, however, would be a greater crime than the canvasser's. No doubt he is a very sly and glib young man, but capital punishment is surely a rather severe penalty for his offence.

OUR OLD FRIEND, JOSEPH BANNISTER (how dare he have such initials?), writing from Brondesbury, sends us a characteristic letter in reference to the relations between America and England. He thinks nothing is likely to disturb them "whilst our daily Press is filled with advertisements of Yankee swindlers, and is edited and managed by Yankee, Scotch, and Irish scamps, who attach far more importance to the safety of their American investments than to the interest, honour, and integrity of the country they make their ill-gotten money in." Go it, Joseph, let 'em have it!

THE SECRETARY OF THE INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS favours us with a copy of his Year-Book, from which it would appear that the Society, which claims to be "the representative of the professional musicians of the three kingdoms," is in a flourishing condition. We congratulate it, but we are not musical. "Tom Bowling" and "Britannia Rules the Waves" are about the only songs we know.

D. J. J. (Tunbridge Wells), referring to an answer to "Photograph Sandgate" in a previous issue, in reference to the Yankee Studio, Folkestone, says that lots of other people have been there and "had some," both at Tunbridge Wells and Folkestone, and suggests that we should send a Commissioner down with a view to a further instalment of our series of "Shams." We will defer further consideration of the matter till the summer months.

C. S. (Aldershot).—Your post-card was wrongly addressed. Read the advertisement again and try Hanwell. Or, if you must have ale, why not try Poplar?

W. G. HAWLEY (Plaistow) addresses the following beautiful and touching lines to our "Letter Bug":—

"CROW AS POLYMATH.

"Jim Crow, folks say, has done an awful deed

By giving us his Almanack to read;

I, Hawley, doth proclaim a different tale,

Witty-Cur will doubtless have immortal sale.

Of all the geniuses the world has had

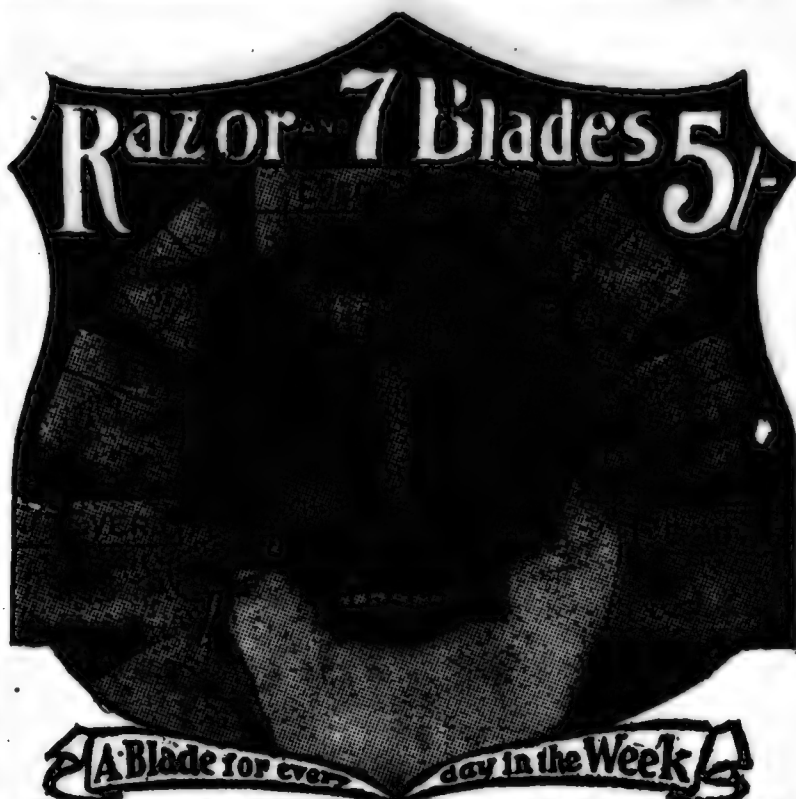
Crow takes the bun for splendour even trog.

Profound on all sides and so just in fact,

Who would not buy Jim's perfect Almanack?"

The last two rhymes fill our cockles with delight. But, what is "trog"?

J. E. (Acton) has paid 10s. by instalments to the "International Fine Art Company," of Uxbridge Road, for a guinea enlargement of a portrait. He says they have now disappeared. Though J. E. is lucky not to have lost more, even if the contract had been carried out it would have been an objectionable transaction, as J. E. is only a working man, and is not in a position to take so useless and expensive an article. As a matter of fact, he is now out of employment, and bitterly regrets the lost 10s.



The Seven-bladed "CLEMENTS" has revolutionised the Safety Razor business of the world. Scientific machinery has made the Guinea "Safety" of yesterday a Five-shilling razor to-day.

We've dared to fix a retail price that meant a "square deal." Clements' Safety Razor sets are complete at five shillings. Seven perfect blades—a nickel silver safety frame and stropping handle, all in a compact little case.

It's the safest safety razor in history. Everybody becomes an expert barber, with the first shave—it's impossible to cut the face.

Clements' blades are guaranteed to the limit—they are the keenest, finest tempered, and easiest shaving of all razor blades. They can be STROPPED like the ordinary razor, and will last for years. For those desirous of doing away with re-honing and re-sharpening, WE WILL EXCHANGE SEVEN NEW BLADES FOR SEVEN DULL ONES AND 1/6.

SHOULD YOU ALREADY HAVE A SAFETY and be bothered with sharpening, buy our blades—they will fit your safety frame. Price 6/6 per dozen, post free. We will always exchange a dozen dull blades for a dozen brand new ones at 2/6 a dozen post free. Send for free booklet.

SEND POSTAL ORDER FOR 5/-, mentioning "JOHN BULL," and receive your set prepaid, from

**CLEMENTS' RAZOR CO., BILLITER ST. LONDON,**

CAN BE SEEN } 99, STRAND (under Savoy Hotel), 127, HIGH HOLBORN.  
AT CLEMENTS' } 42, OLD BROAD STREET,  
RAZOR DEPOTS } 49, MOORGATE STREET, 41, GRACECHURCH STREET,  
59, FLEET STREET, 16, LONDON STREET, E.C.  
45, QUEEN VICTORIA ST.

**SHAVALLO**

IS THE IDEAL  
**SHAVING SOAP**

—and British made. You will find it superior to the best American brands, and used regularly it prevents roughness and smarting of the skin.

After moistening your face with warm water apply "SHAVALLO" direct. Then a whisk or two of the moistened brush produces a firm creamy lather that softens the beard immediately, and renders shaving altogether more comfortable and refreshing.

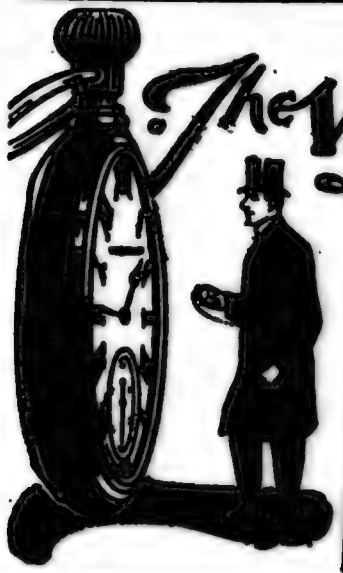
"SHAVALLO" is in a neat Ivorine case that enables you to apply it direct with ease.

**SOLO BY HAIRDRESSERS & CHEMISTS,**  
1/- per stick.

A stick will be forwarded direct for 1/11 if you cannot obtain "SHAVALLO" in your district.

**JOHN KNIGHT, Ltd. (Dept.),**  
Soap Makers to the King,  
The Royal Primrose Soap Works, LONDON, E.

**WALTER  
CLIFFORD & Co., Ltd.,**  
8, Mildmay Chambers,  
Old Broad Street, E.C.,  
82, Bishopsgate Street Within,  
DEALERS IN  
**STOCKS AND SHARES.**  
Immediate Cash Payments, irrespective of Account Days.  
Write for latest edition of pamphlet  
**"WEALTH"**  
Sent Free on Application—together with our Terms of Dealing.  
**CASH ADVANCED ON APPROVED SECURITIES.**



**The WALTHAM  
WATCH-**

The most accurate pocket  
timepiece it is possible  
to buy.

Watches bearing the names—  
"RIVERSIDE MAXIMUS," "VAN-  
GUARD," "RIVERSIDE," and  
"ROYAL," specially recommended.

Interesting Booklet sent  
Post Free, upon request.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,  
125, High Holborn, London, W.C.  
(Wholesale only to the Trade.)

EATEN DAILY

# HOVIS

DISCOUNTS DYSPEPSIA.

BEST AND MOST POPULAR  
BREAD.

EXPERIENCE CONFIRMS.

All particulars from  
THE HOVIS BREAD FLOUR COMPANY, LIMITED,  
MACOLESFIELD.

L. P. (Hastings) has recently taken part in a debate as to whether "What?" or "What say?" should be employed when one fails to hear something said by another, and he now appeals to us as to which of these two is "the most correct" (we presume he means the more correct), irrespective of "beg pardon," etc. It all depends. If it is on the telephone, the correct thing is to say "Speak up"; if it's a lady, she should be told to come nearer to your ear; if a creditor, tell him you are deaf.

A. G. D. (Bristol) writes in reference to a man calling himself "D. McEwan, Commission Agent, 132, York Street, C.-on-M., Manchester," who induced our correspondent and his friends to enter into a football guessing competition, but skedaddled when called upon to pay up. A. G. D. then saw another tempting advertisement, and upon application received from "J. G. Chipchase, Printer, Paper-Bag Maker, etc., Darlington," exactly the same printed letter as he received from McEwan. A. G. D. should now chase-Chip.

J. B. (Nunhead).—You appear to have been badly treated, but we advise you to accept the 700 rupees.

"JUSTICE" (Thornton Heath) writes us that he paid nine guineas to Page-Davis for a course of lessons on advertisement writing, and has never since regretted it. He says, "to rely on one's own ingenuity is useful advice," but that without training perfection cannot be attained. He is apparently now in an excellent position, and we think he is a very lucky man. But he must look up his spelling.

R. S. K. (London).—Thanks for Salvation Army cutting.

P. H. W. (Birmingham).—The Whiteley cutting was very good. It is a delicate subject, but all the world knows it.

The advertisement manager of the *Morning Leader* takes up the cudgels on behalf of their advertisers, Messrs. Godfrey Phillips and Sons, the proprietors of "B.D.V." cigarettes, and points out that the statement of "J. F. B." in our issue of the 2nd Feb., that the result of the "B.D.V." £5 prize competition has never been published is incorrect. We have seen various numbers of the *Morning Leader* announcing the results and publishing some of the efforts of the competitors, and after inspecting the latter, wonder at the temerity of Messrs. Phillips. The pedal extremities of the force come in for much adverse comment.

J. H. K. (Manor Park) sends us a cutting from the *Revival Times*, in which we are told about a coloured man, who, when happened, used to exclaim "Praise the Lord," even when, having invested the whole of his wealth in a beefsteak, and stooped down to tie up his bootlace, the steak was stolen by a dog. "What have you to praise the Lord for?" said a passer-by. "Ah!" he replied, "I have my appetite left." We trust he was satisfied with the bargain.

E. W. (Winchmore Hill) forwards us a cutting from the *Madras Times*, in which we read that Mr. Justice Gost, replying to a formal address on his retirement from the Bench, observed, "I wish very much, as the hope is expressed in the address presented to me, that I may be able to devote the rest of my life to some useful purpose." We commend the idea to Justices Grantham, Ridley, and Lawrance.

"CEYLON" (Gracechurch Street) writes an indignant letter in reference to the four "Hampstead Heath Heroes," who declined to jump into the water after the drowning lady. We refer "Ceylon" to our answer to "J. C. (Woking)" in our issue of February 2.

E. B. (Leicester).—Thanks for cutting, but we are giving the *Daily Mail* a bit of a rest.

O. S. (Bradford) and others send us their pet systems for playing roulette and other games of chance. As, however, we are strongly opposed to all forms of gambling, we cannot be parties to the encouragement of our readers to indulge in it.

M. K. (London).—Thanks for letter. The Yankees were quite right; but we are glad they have gone back—especially as they used such dialect.

J. W. GOTT (Bradford) writes thanking us for the free advertisement we gave to his "S.D.F." brand of tea. Good Gott!

F. B. (Sydenham) wishes to know whether, if he returns his "Witty-Cur's Almanack" we will forward the sixpence he paid for it to the London Hospital. Why not? We have passed the suggestion on to Jim Crow.

"BULLPUP" (Manchester).—We are afraid we cannot help you beyond advising you to give those "agencies" a wide berth.

H. M. S. (Maidenhead).—We know nothing of the Mayfair Association, of 84, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square. It sounds respectable.

C. R. F. (Plymouth).—We advertise occasionally in the Harmsworth papers because we find it pays us to do so. The words quoted in our award to the Labour Delegate were taken from the terms of the resolution itself. You had better look it up. We should be delighted to receive the free copy of the Socialist paper you promise us.

"Toby" (Dorset) and others call our attention to the fact that our contents' table last week referred to "Post-cards," whereas none appeared. The explanation is that, after the cover had gone to press, it was decided to insert the Open Letter to General Booth instead, in order that he might receive it before his departure.

"FOOTBALL CHAT" COMPETITIONS.—We beg to inform the many readers who have written us upon this matter that Mr. Windust is in Holland, but immediately upon his return to this country we hope to get from him a full answer to the various points raised by our various correspondents.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

## RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People.")

### A Record.

"Titch" Mason has been head of the winning steeplechase jockeys' list six times in seven years.

### No National Chance.

York II.—a street-corner tip for the National—has never won a steeplechase, and showed again at Newbury that he is no fencer.

### A Fact.

It is just as easy to win a £100 handicap as a selling plate nowadays, for very much the same horses run in each.

### Brothers.

S. Lawton, who is riding for Gully's stable, must not be confounded with, but is a brother to, F. Lawton, E. Martin's jockey.

### An Example.

The Irish N.H.S. Committee sensibly have a very clear idea as to the duties of clerks of the course—and do not hesitate to express and enforce them.

### Reminiscent.

Mr. A. Fitzgerald's green and plum cap are the same which was so famous fifteen years ago, when claimed by the late Mr. "Abington."

### Fie!

There is a volume of betting, particularly among military men at Ascot, and it is not an uncommon fact for losses to remain unliquidated until the succeeding Grand Military meeting in March—and vice versa.

### Sensible.

Newbury went back to old ideas in encouraging qualified hunters at their meeting, promoting a United Hunts Cup of 100 sovs. for horses fairly hunted with any established pack of hounds in the United Kingdom during the last two seasons. And a popular veteran, "Bill" Pullen, won it with a useful young horse, Friarsgate.

### 'Cute.

Apropos of the continual protests against winners, there are so many objections in a jumping season that some of the shrewd bookies invariably make it a rule—if a protest is likely—to vacate their pitch, so as not to meet the invariable premature demands from some of their clients to "pay them out." A refusal might offend.

### The Price Beats Up.

We take very cramped odds at the jumping game, and yet win at it, little heeding the real risks run. As a fact, the approximate calculation is that 20 per cent. of favourites meet with some mishap in running—either falling, being knocked over, run out, or refusing. A further 10 per cent. break down, and 20 per cent. of the races which they ought to win are thrown away for various causes, usually jockeyship.

### It Does as a Lever.

In Australia, too, the anti-gambling cranks—similarly to what they do here—put forward wonderful mis-statements of fact. One argument they used in favour of the suppression of betting was that London itself never permitted a racecourse to be within 20 miles of its boundaries. There are nearly a dozen within half that distance, but it merely shows how the faddists will stop at nothing in trying to achieve their meddlesome aims.

### Deserves Support.

There is no fund associated with racing so absolutely justified in its promotion or so deserving as the Rendlesham Benevolent Fund—the idea of Lord Rendlesham—which is for the relief of jockeys who meet with accidents riding under N.H. rules. I gladly call attention to the fact that the Committee governing so fine an object ask further promises of support. Annual subscribers of not less than £2 become honorary members, and donors of at least £10 in one sum honorary life members. Pity we do not follow the French plan of deducting 4 per cent. upon all the stakes run for, for an injured jockeys' fund.

### "Don't Pay" Cries.

There were 75 objections in racing last year, and the records show that it is just 2 to 1 on a winner getting the race, for 51 were overruled. Most of the protests were laid in the North, Hooton Park claiming the unenviable highest in five; Haydock and Hamilton Park, four each, as had Kempton in the south, but three out of the four at Sunbury were on the flat.

### The Grand Military.

The Grand Military meeting—although the soldiers' races are unusually weak—must be a big success, for the open events more than atone. In these CRATHORNE and MOUNT PROSPECT II. are good, respectively, for the Maiden Plate and Handicap. To follow Mr. Calverley Bewicke in the military races seems, "on paper," to be the road to wealth, for all his horses are very much fancied. OLD FAIRYHOUSE will about win Friday's Gold Cup, and BONAR Saturday's Handicap.

### A Fine Sportsman.

Mr. J. C. Allen-Jefferys, whose few 'chasers Thirlwell trains, is the right sort of patron of steeplechasing—although not what may be termed a "fashionable" owner—for he never bets. For years a J.P. and Master of Stag hounds and Harriers in Somersetshire, Mr. Allen-Jefferys has recently become a resident at Stoughton, occupying the house that Bushell used to live in when training for Lord Radnor some years ago. Mr. Allen-Jefferys is a Cantab graduate, and for many years drove the Oxford to London coach as a sporting hobby. The first horse to recently carry the popular brown-primrose belt, cerise sleeves and cap was Clandon Lad, who although moderate, won eight little races. His jacket, however, was originally very prominent on the turf between the years 1874 and 1891 under the nominations of Mr. J. C. Allen, Abeyance being the best horse that has ever carried it. Others were Nightingale, Product, Jack, and Jasmine. Never running a horse except to win if it possibly can, Mr. Allen-Jefferys' greatest delight is to score with a general favourite, so that many may benefit by his successes. Will other despotic and haughty owners pray copy. And yet the sportsman's horses invariably get badly handicapped.

# CRITERION EAST ROOM

Restaurant of the Highest Class.  
Luncheon, 4s. Dinner, 10s. 6d.

Cuisine Véritablement Fine.  
Supper, 5s. and à la carte.

MUSIC.

**"Quibbles."**

Among the cool excuses of swindling bookmakers the following is a fair sample. A backer had lost for several weeks and then found three or four winners. In lieu of his account he received a letter from the bookmaker, saying that "he regretted being compelled to strike his name off his list of clients, as he found that the business he sent him he was better without." With reference to the balance to his credit a communication would—it was added—"be sent shortly." It still has to come.

Apropos of this here is a further pretty little list of pretexts put forward by different s.p. merchants who have failed to "weigh out" recently:—1, That the claim made "did not agree with the figures in his book"; 2, that (conveniently) he had "suspended payment for the moment"; 3, that, "owing to the unusual delay in forwarding the winning voucher, the matter would need investigation"; 4, that one of the partners in the firm was prepared to pay, but that the other partner (hitherto unknown to the backer, and still undisclosed) refused; 5, that they could not meet their engagements owing to a clerk having absconded with a large sum of money; 6, that although the claimant may have thought they had laid him the price, they had never really put the bet into *their* books; 7, that although the backer held six different vouchers for bets on the same race they denied knowing him. The list could be pretty well continued, as no doubt many of my readers can bear only too painful testimony. The moral is, look at and follow the JOHN BULL sporting advertisements.

**Had a Reverse Effect.**

It is somewhat lucky that the Betting Bill in force was first experienced during a very slack racing time, especially accentuated by the frequent interruptions. Before real betting begins again *everybody* will make their arrangements to do just as much or more than previously, and bookmakers become established either abroad, in clubs, or in their credit business. So that what 99 out of 100 people never saw—street betting—has been stopped, but betting immeasurably increased, although its suppression was the hypocritical cry of the Bill's promoters. Little backers who would otherwise have had a "bob" on a horse with a bookmaker in their own locality now have to make it up to half a dollar and send it "across the water," which is much to the advantage of our friends the enemy quartered in Holland.

**J. F. Rollason.**

Truly "all that is to be will be," and one's fate is inexorable. Three weeks ago little J. F. Rollason, the middle-weight jockey—who will ever be recalled by his horsemanship which won Merry Andrew an Ascot Stakes of eighteen months ago—was in his zenith of delight at having been accepted to ride for a small stable in Holland, which meant giving the boy a chance that he has not had recently in England. It was sheer luck that decided the appointment in his favour against numerous other applicants. It seemed little likely at the time that this very ostensible good fortune would be his death, for in crossing to Holland last Wednesday to fulfil the engagement entered into the poor little fellow met his death. Just as it has been the father's promptitude and parental care which had fostered and clinched his application, so was it the equally natural wish to see his boy comfortably settled, that caused Mr. Rollason, senr., to accompany his son to Holland—and to his death. The very indirect blame for such fatality rests upon me as the means of having obtained for Rollason the position he went to fill, and the only relief to one's feelings is the fact that he did not, as contracted, arrive in Holland by February 15. The poor fellow seems to have unfortunately delayed his journey exactly a week, according to his own letter which I received but six days prior to his death. For the same stable I shall now probably send little C. Hawkins, who has

We are reminded of the well-managed business of Mr. D. M. Gant, 25, Conduit Street, London, W., by the receipt of a handsome pocket book bound in scarlet leather, gilt-edged, and with neat contrivances and useful contents, that go to make it a handy companion. Mr. Gant is an institution. He has survived the common vicissitudes of a trying business, and those who deal with him should have no cause for dissatisfaction. He has been established many years, and he himself is a well-known member of Tattersalls' Subscription Rooms, which is a testimonial that requires no further recommendation. Mr. Gant was the originator of the "No Limit" system, that is to say, he was the first turf accountant to pay his clients the full odds betted against a horse. Write for a copy of the diary. Free to all clients.

been apprenticed to Major Edwards, while to ride their jumpers (as also on the flat occasionally) W. Hathaway goes to Holland at the end of March. The trainer and owner of many of the horses is Chevalier Kattendyke, whom many will recall as a Lewes resident some four or five years ago, when for a time associated with Escott's stable gaining experience of training—and as an amateur jockey.

**MONEY LENT PRIVATELY.**

£10  
TO  
£5,000

For short or long periods, in town or country, on Note of Hand, Without Surety or Security. Repayments to suit clients' convenience. No inquiry fees. Strictest privacy. Interviews unnecessary. Cash sent by post. Bills discounted.

Phone:  
9713 Central.

CHARLES STEVENS & CO.,  
12, Devonshire Chambers, Bishopsgate Street, London, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

**JAMES WEBSTER,**

MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.

LINCOLN HANDICAP, GRAND NATIONAL, &c.  
THE TURF CHRONICLE, sent free on receipt of address. Double and Treble Events.

NO COMMISSION CHARGED on Starting Price Investments  
England—London and Westminster Bank, London  
Bankers:— { Scotland—Bank of Scotland, Glasgow.  
Ireland—Bank of Ireland, Dublin.  
Postage 2½d. Postcards 1d.

**CHARLES LEVY,**

28, REGENT ST., S.W.

(Business as usual during the winter.)

Telegraphic Address: "FOREJUDGE, LONDON."

Telephones:

3615 GERRARD, 4190 CENTRAL.

Telegraphic Address: "IRISHMAN, LONDON."

Telephone: No. 5072 GERRARD.

**E. C. IRISH,**

7, ARGYLL STREET, W.

**W. G. MORTIMER,**

51, LEXINGTON STREET,

REGENT STREET, W.

Best Terms.

Particulars Free.

Established 1876.

**W. H. SAUNDERS:**

Telegraphic Address is

"PLASTERING, LONDON."

**TRACE AND PERCY,**

15, JERMYN ST., LONDON, S.W.,

Every description of business undertaken. Advantageous terms post free on Application.

"LARRY LYNX," in the "People," April 1, 1906, attributes our success to straightforwardness and accuracy.

**A. HEATHORN,**

51, WARWICK STREET, REGENT STREET, W

Business continued through the winter, as usual.

Accounts opened on approved references.

Telephones: 4171 Gerrard, and 11220 Central.

Telegraphic Address: Fretting, London.

**THOMAS HENRY DEY,**

TURF COMMISSION AGENT,

MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.

Offers the most advantageous terms of any reliable bookmaker in the world, AND PAYS. Every description of Turf investment undertaken. No commission charged.

A copy of the most up-to-date and comprehensive Continental Turf Price List published will be sent, together with full particulars, gratis and post free to any sportsman on receipt of application to Thomas Henry Dey, Middelburg, Holland.

# JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS.

~~~~~

MY DEAR READERS,—I have received complaints from many of you that you have been unable to obtain a copy of **JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS.**

I apologise to you all. Many times the number printed in the earlier series were despatched, but the demand for "John Bull's first-born" was so large, and unexpected, that the issue was

— **SOLD OUT** —

almost immediately it was in touch with the public.

Do not forget to order the next number early. It will be on sale everywhere, **Price 3d.** (postage 1½.), on **March 15.** And, good as the last number is said to be by hundreds of readers who have written to me, the next number will be far and away better.

The Information Bureau is being organised, and I shall have something to say to you about it before long.

Yours truly,

**JOHN BULL.**

---

**Offices—4, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON E.C.,**

*where all communications should be addressed.*

# A SPORTSMAN'S NOTEBOOK.

**MR. D. M. GANT**—London's Premier Turf Accountant—issues to all clients a very useful and handsomely bound Red Leather Waistcoat Pocket Diary and Notebook. This Diary contains Mr. Gant's Code and terms of business, as well as a record of the events of the year. The Diary should be in the possession of every Sportsman. Write to-day stating clearly your requirements.

In speaking of Mr. D. M. Gant's terms of business **THE SPORTSMAN** says that "Fairness to both parties marks them."

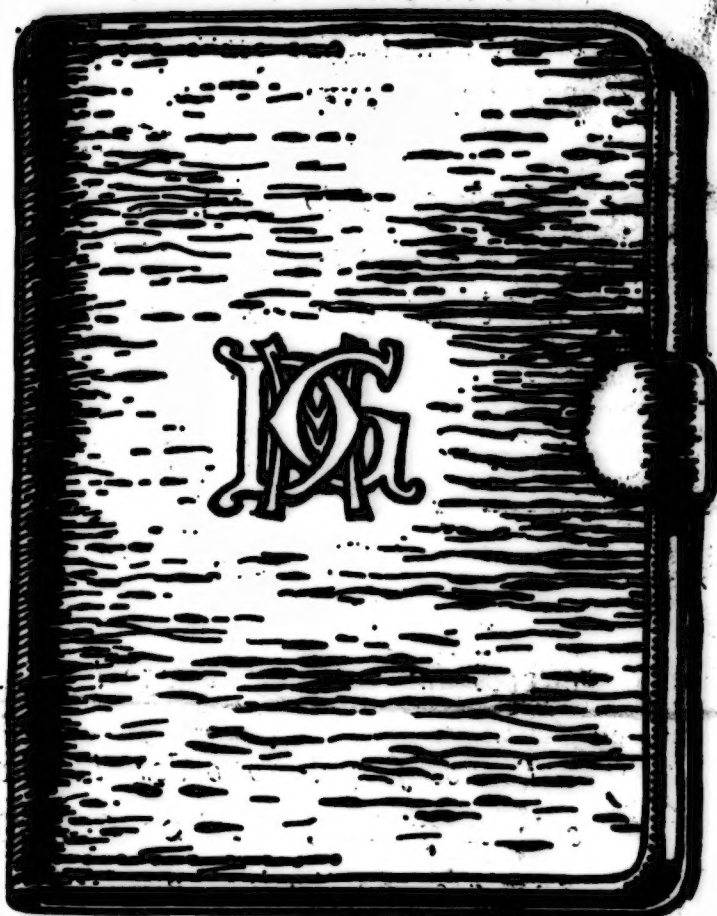
Mr. D. M. Gant's business is a success, and this has been achieved only by adhering to the following four cardinal points:—

|                  |                              |
|------------------|------------------------------|
| <b>FAIRNESS</b>  | — that gives satisfaction.   |
| <b>PRIVACY</b>   | — that ensures confidence.   |
| <b>METHOD</b>    | — that results in accuracy & |
| <b>NO LIMIT.</b> |                              |

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Write for Terms:  
**MR. D. M. GANT,**  
25, Conduit Street,  
London, W.

Telegraphic Address: "HUMBACKED, LONDON."



"The Much-talked-of Diary."  
(Fac-simile size.)